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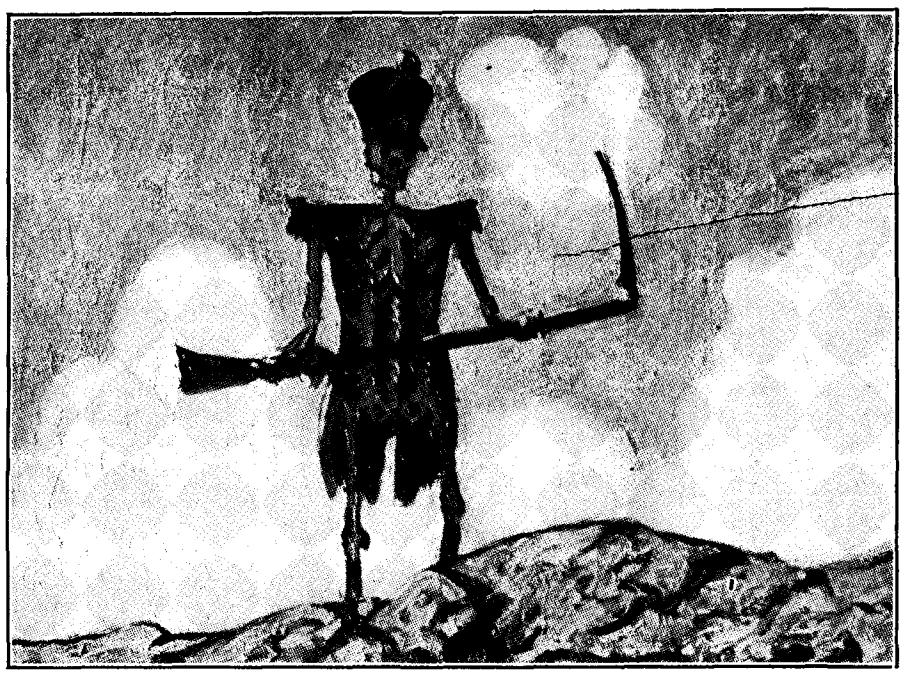
The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1933 | NUMBER 35



THE REVIEW. BY ALLEN TUCKER.
(Whitney Museum of American Art.)

The Will of a Liberal

THE WAY OF ESCAPE. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

IT is now almost twenty years since "Phil" Gibbs, as Fleet Street then knew him, waiting on the chalk downs of Picardy for the start of the Somme "Push," heard a thrush sing far out in "No-man's land" and reported that fact to his newspaper. His "story," so far as a journalist's later dazzling success can be ascribed to a single performance, made Gibbs. It made him because it permitted the millions of newspaper readers starving for a chance to "feel" what war was like, to penetrate the dense fog of censorship and get beyond the arid unreality of professional propaganda. Actually, however, the story was the man and it opened a new field in war correspondence.

In the traditional sense, Gibbs was never a real war correspondent. Perry Robinson of the London *Times* and our own "Fred" Palmer, his colleagues at Rollincourt, which was a branch of G. H. Q., were of the school of Archibald Forbes. They could be trusted to set down official interpretations of the strategic aspects of the rather primitive butchery which for four years proceeded about Ypres, Arras, and Amiens. Gibbs, by contrast was rather the artist, who had stumbled upon massacre and not only felt it. But feeling it, he was able to make millions feel with him.

After the war was over, Gibbs flashed forth with a book almost savage in its concentrated sadness. In his "Now It Can Be Told" he set down memorably the blindness and folly of the soldier and statesman, as he had seen them measured in casualties and frustration. Aside from Montague's "Disenchantment," this book remains perhaps the severest indictment of the officialdom of the World War ever framed. It was not as great a book as Montague's, because there never was but one "C. E.," but it was in the same mood, the passionate protest of a keen, sensitive spirit against mechanized mediocrity of the military mind.

Because he was a Gibbs and all members of that distinguished family unto the third remove are born, if not with silver spoons in their mouths, at least with fountain pens between their fingers, Sir Philip, as he had presently become, continued to write: novels which were now and then "best sellers," and reports of current events which were always competent. He wandered from Dublin to Moscow, wherever and whenever the stupidity of man repeated in some new form the old insanities of the war.

All through the post-war period Gibbs has been writing, lecturing, talking, passionately searching for some way of escape from the tragic destiny which seemed to have overtaken mankind in 1914. But he has never again heard the thrush sing. The sound of that original song, too, has grown fainter in his own ears, as time has passed. On that morning, now so long ago, he hailed it as a promise. From the immediate horror of war he turned to a hope for the future, which the spectacle of human courage and devotion all about him seemed to justify. Then he believed in England. Soon after the war he was in the United States and his faith in America was impregnable. Russia, in turn, inspired his confidence. But now, at the end he comes to us with a new book in a different note. My townsman, Henry D. Thoreau, once wrote that man sets out to construct a palace and ends by throwing together a woodshed. Sir Philip, twenty years after, has at last come to his woodshed.

No small part of Gibbs's new book is devoted to the diagnosis of the world we are living in. But Sir Philip is not a political economist, he is equally impervious to the tricks of politics and the rules of economics. He has something of the romantic idealism which slips out in the most professional of the dissertations of Sir Arthur Salter, but he has nothing of Sir Arthur's impeccable mastery of the revised version of the gospel according to John Stuart Mill. Like everyone who was either born a citizen of Brooklyn or a liberal, like Walter Lippmann, for example, Sir Philip remains loyal to his spiritual home. But he has neither Lippmann's philosophic background nor his technical mastery of contemporary problems.

One of Gibbs's fondest illusions is that he understands the younger generation which he does genuinely love and admire. But if you think he understands that generation, compare his latest book with the recent volume of John Strachey. Before the advance in serried ranks of Strachey's economic arguments Gibbs would be compelled to surrender or take to his heels. When the columns began to manœuver

(*Continued on page* 487)

*Galsworthy: An Estimate**

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE British Empire, said Philip Guedalla at a recent dinner, is held together by the Encyclopædia Britannica. It holds together (I suppose that he meant) because the British have imposed their own outline of history upon the English-speaking world, so that the Irish Free State will have to get out an Encyclopædia Celticana before it becomes really free! And it may truly be said that England, the essential England, exists chiefly through, and in, men like John Galsworthy and their works.

I have heard Galsworthy called an idealist. I have heard him called a romanticist, and even a sentimentalist. None of these terms exactly fits. Like all great novelists he was a man in search of reality, and reality is not a simple term, like money, or fame, or craftsmanship. Someone said recently that perhaps the current loose talk of hard reality was misleading. It was not the hardships, the material failures, the envies and remorses of this time of trouble which were essential reality. They were only clouds passing over the moon. Reality was deeper. It was not intermittent trouble but human nature's daily food of love, friendship, felt happiness, or felt grief. The speaker cited Robert Frost as a man who had never swerved from the pursuit of such reality, regardless of external circumstance. I say the same of John Galsworthy. His novels and his plays have always dealt with what really mattered to an Englishman in the closing years of a great English period. In this sense John Galsworthy was a realist, a great realist.

I knew him well, not intimately, not from long association, but in circumstances far enough from the casual to let me write of him here with his personality rich and living in my memory. He was a gentleman—one thought of that first, always, with Galsworthy—sensitive, a little hesitant, but with rushes of strong feeling. He had the unshakable dignity of a man sure of his breeding who respects the rights of others and gets respect himself. I never saw him lose his temper but once, —when, in an international meeting, a Prussian who knew English perfectly heckled him in rapid German, with an evident purpose to take unfair advantage. Then he blazed out once, and gave up the chair as one gives way to an unmannerly child.

But this was but the surface of the man. More deeply considered, I find in him an English type, as distinctive as a manor house or an English garden. It is not the aggressive type of Englishman, arrogant, energetic, cool, which we call John Bull, but it is a type equally true to race and traceable in English history from long before the immigrations to America. He was the liberal, intellectual aristocrat, spiritual, sensitive, humanitarian, proud. England has always had such men, and they have been of her best. Spenser, I think, was one of them, and that poet-priest George Herbert, who said that his friends had all gone into the world of light, and (with a dose of snobbishness) Joseph Addison. Matthew Arnold was the schoolmaster phase of the type, Edward Fitzgerald its esthete, Horace Walpole its gossip. Nor have we lacked its strong racial manifestations here. Jonathan Edwards, in spite of the hysteria of his sermons, was the scholar-aristocrat who loves the human race, Jefferson had many of the attributes, and Emerson was perhaps the supreme example among English-speaking peoples of this liberal and aristocratic intellectualism. Nor do I except Woodrow Wilson, whom Galsworthy himself trusted and admired. These were men conscious of a code of behavior to which as gentlemen they conformed, and this is their weakness in a hard-boiled world, so that in politics it is only the shrewd manœuverers like Jefferson who suceed. They are responsible, humane, and passionately in love with the possibilities of human nature. In literature, they are the great reformers, for they are not moved by jealousy, having been bred inside a tradition; they are our best critics, for they wish to change not to destroy; and their minds are set on those traits of good will and spiritual satisfaction which they see still living beneath the frustrations and warpings of the struggle for success.

Fine natures are finely moved. John Galsworthy came toward the end of an age of possessiveness, when, in the words of Tennyson, "proputty, proputty, proputty," thudded all over the English-speaking world. Wealth was on the move from the earliest 1800s onward. Land had been static in the eighteenth century, and property had been felt as a right even more than as an opportunity. With the opening of the colonies and the beginning of industrialism, property became mobile. A continent was exploited, goods were multiplied. To the class that merely owned, succeeded a class that acquired and possessed. A middle class arose in England, conditioned in mind and emotions by the pursuit of property; it was the same class that made America.

In England, the experiment was what the scientists call controlled and pure. The new bourgeois aristocracy took over the

* This essay was presented in slightly different form at the Convocation of George Washington University in Commemoration of John Galsworthy on February 22, 1933.

This Week

BAVARIAN GENTIANS.
By D. H. LAWRENCE.
"PRESIDENT LINCOLN."
Reviewed by CARL SANDBURG.
"WHAT THE AUTHOR MEANT."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.
"THE ENCHANTED WINTER."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.
"THE MASK OF SILENUS."
Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN.
"ORIENT EXPRESS."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.
"SUNSET SONG."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
THE FINDING OF THE SNARK.
By ARTHUR RUHL.

Next Week, or Later

RECENT STUDIES OF UNEMPLOYMENT. Reviewed by BEULAH AMIDON.

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code of the aristocrats who had owned by right, and subtly modified it. They assumed responsibility, developed to a high degree the character indispensable to a governing class in a self-governing community, but began to invite the fatal karma which pursues all men and women whose god is material success. England produced old James Forsyte, and the son of his heart and will, Soames, in whose delineation Galsworthy's powers reached their height; and the rebels Jolyon and Irene; the conformist Annette; the by-products, Timothy and the aunts; the wrecks and the frustrations, Val and Fleur.

But something was left behind by this new possessive class and lost, something crumbled, something rose like a heady fume dulling men and women, puzzling their hearts, and frustrating their desires, while their wills remained more powerful than ever. Responsibility to state and class they kept, and chivalry, and a sense of duty better than chivalry. Nevertheless this possessiveness, this submission to Things, the solid houses, the stocks and bonds, the responsibilities to property of the Forsytes, dimmed the sense of other gods whose altars grow cold only with peril to mankind. They neglected the Cyprian Venus, whose frustration and revenge Ashhurst deplored in that exquisite story, "The Apple-Tree"—

For mad is the heart of love,
And gold the gleam of his wing;
And all to the spell thereof
Bend when he makes his spring.
All life that is wild and young
In mountain and wave and stream,
All that of earth is sprung,
Or breathes in the red sunbeam;
Yea, and Mankind. O'er all a royal throne
Cyprian, Cyprian, is thine alone!

They turned their backs upon the gods whose duty it is to see that the human heart stays human. Beauty, spirituality, love, even justice which the new possessive class had once demanded, were the victims of Things. Property had achieved a dulling of sensibility, a warping away from pleasure and the healthy satisfaction [illegible] which the greed of the [illegible] even the necessities of [illegible] accomplished. Property made the Forsytes, and property chilled them. And yet these Forsytes in their own way were great. Beside them other racial types seemed lesser breeds without the law. They had the gift of character, the power of strength.

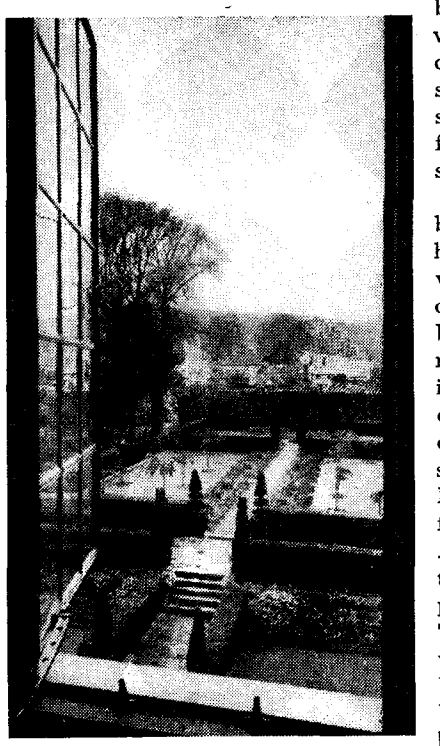
This was the puzzle of the nineteenth century, its challenge to an interpreter, which was like the challenge to the imagination of the young Shakespeare of the brilliant, full-blooded aristocrats of the Renaissance, with their gusto, their beauty, and their defiance of morality. A poet, a dramatist, a novelist was needed to attack this nineteenth century paradox, most of all a novelist, since the Forsytes were prose and their background all of England. An Englishman in England was at the heart of property; a liberal, a humanitarian, a "tender-minded" artist could sympathize and yet attack; an aristocrat could appreciate code and character; an idealist could discriminate where a satirist might only destroy. John Galsworthy was the man.

And indeed the story of Soames Forsyte is the story of man's spirit in the English nineteenth century, wrestling with property and thrown by it at the moment of apparent victory. It is the story of a defeated spirit (for Soames lost Irene and with Irene the possibility of love and a completed life)—of a defeated spirit rising wiser, stronger, more indomitable in character, making property his servant though he could not make it his friend, until at the conclusion of that extraordinary narrative Soames's very shortcomings have been turned into the steel and fibre of a man who knows what he wants and gets it, and what he cannot have and gives it up—a stoic, not to be envied, not to be loved, but certainly to be respected and approved.

This grasp upon the moral theme of England under industrialism is the key to John Galsworthy's superiority as a novelist of character to far cleverer men, such as Arnold Bennett and G. B. Shaw, to more worldly men and more widely experienced, such as H. G. Wells and Sinclair Lewis. Undeviatingly he pursues through this elaborate process of character building the rich results of tradition until Soames, eccentric and individualist that he is, becomes the symbol of whole shadowy generations of the English middle class. Unwaveringly he searches for the effect upon man of beauty neglected, and spirituality scorned by the religion of property. And yet, though the criticism in his novels is always against the tyranny of Things, his liberal mind admits, his aristocratic nature recognizes, a great character emerging, perhaps unexpectedly, from the havoc that accompanies a too material success. No propagandist could have done this. His Forsyte Saga is a tragi-comedy with a stoic ending, as was "The Tempest," as was "Candide," as was "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Only in England I think could such books have been written. Proust's great study of an aristocracy decaying in the refinements of ultra-cerebration, belongs in a very different category. It is intensely French, and yet has no relationship with France at large in the century, not much indeed with Paris except as a background. The "Forsyte Saga" is intensely English, and quite as intensely upper and middle class, since to Galsworthy, humanitarian though he was, the lower classes were only shadows throwing into relief the responsible reality of his Forsyte world. And yet there is the character of a nation and of a race in the Saga. Narrow as its cross-section, the type is there. It is a national study or it is nothing, whereas Proust has only the universal validity of a Racine—the actual existence of his cerebral Paris is of little importance; the psychology is all. Not so with the Forsytes. They are geological, and have in them the secrets of racial evolution. They are not all England, yet as they go, so goes England. Like Hardy's peasants and Shakespeare's Mercutios, Hotspurs, and Falstaffs, they are so racial that they can afford to be individualists.

All this explains, I think, Galsworthy's great reputation on the continent of Europe, where he was thought to be England's foremost novelist because in him and his were to be found the living explanations of what England was in the period of her dominating greatness. This explains the award to him of the Nobel prize, which never came to Hardy. His foreign readers also saw, as some of his compatriots have failed to see, that whatever were their faults of sentiment, diffuseness, and a reach beyond the author's grasp, the novels of Galsworthy were epic in their scope and had that broad stretch of significance which, since Balzac and the Russians, we have expected of fiction that deals with mores rather than manners. This explains also, I believe, his great vogue in America, but with a difference. For here unquestionably we, whose culture and training more than our blood, have owed so much to the English tradition—we read Galsworthy for news on a grand scale of the English character, so subtly like our own while so obviously different from it. The Forsytes are potentially Americans of the age of property who stayed at home, who never sailed for Plymouth and the Hudson and the Delaware and the capes of Virginia, to break up the sense of class in the forests while the struggle for property went on.



VIEW FROM GALSWORTHY'S STUDY.

He wrote too much. He should have let the Americans alone, for he could understand only the English aspect of them, and his fastidious ear made a jargon of their speech. He should have lived in a world where there were no magazines, with their constant urging of the established writer to write more than he wills, and their subtle moulding of his work to the stock emotions of vast audiences. He should have seen his Saga early in its length and breadth,—and gone to some Walden Pond to write it—and stopped when he had finished. I do not know whether he was a great artist, although there are passages in "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte" and in "The Apple Tree," and "In Chancery" and elsewhere, which only a consummate artist could write. Yet certainly he had that insight which is given to someone in every generation, and which, if used, explains us to ourselves. He had a message. I use that word with reluctance, for a message means usually a dogmatism, a moral, and designates that part of a book or a lecture which sticks in the memory like a lump of undigested dough. None of this in Galsworthy. Rather he is the moving finger that writes. You see in him, often through clouds of words, what the Greeks saw in Sophocles, the moral meaning of a generation. Sophocles dealt in heroes and in a superb style of heaven-sent rhetoric. Galsworthy treats of stiff old men, hiding, beneath Anglo-Saxon phlegm or a dry humor inappropriate to tragedy, the powerful prejudices, the passions, of a people heart-wrecked by their devotion to property, but become great because they identified property with the welfare of a state. Yet both Sophocles and Galsworthy are concerned with fundamental morality. And this is what gives dramatists and novelists magnitude, precisely as the power to realize, to make their problems live as a Soames, as an Irene, as a Hamlet, is what makes them novelists and dramatists.

I have said little of Galsworthy's plays because this essay is not concerned primarily with literary criticism, and for Galsworthy the stage (so I think) was only an escape for the emotions aroused by those unavoidable contradictions in a society supposedly founded on justice which stirred his humanitarian spirit to a pitch that only drama would assuage. The theatre never gave him room. It exaggerated the lesson at the expense of the background in which the true moral lay. He saw best pageant-wise, not drama-wise. His strength, like so much English strength, was in the slow tenacity of descriptive narrative, not in quick symbols or isolated event.

* *

Galsworthy is just dead, and America, in which he was as much honored as at home, and perhaps more widely read, may well take stock of what his insight may mean for us. For ours is a country bred in the English tradition, though intensely changed by circumstance, a country not devoid of character as the English and as Galsworthy understood character, not unaware of the code of duty, for of the Puritans who gave fibre to that code the best came here, not without the desire for order which was so strong in all the Forsytes, nor the sense of fairness, nor the instinct to be humane.

Our problem has been different. We have had to contend with less rigidity of ownership, we have been able to escape many responsibilities in the easy recourse of our oppressed and our turbulent to the spaces of the West, we have been far more fertile in experiment. But to suppose that the karma which pursues all greed for Things, all obsessions with property, is to be spared us, would be unrealistic. Our karma is different. We threw out our Soames Forsytes a generation ago—the selfish individuals, the so-called builders of American prosperity, men not too scrupulous, who believed that in making themselves they were making America, and attained a certain bad eminence of character from their loyalties so energetically if so selfishly pursued. Yet those pirate captains of the last generation of American industrialism in their way were patriots, as Soames Forsyte was a patriot.

Are there any patriots left? In our sectional blocs? Among our tariff mongers? In our local interests? Among the veterans? In Congress? Undoubtedly, but it has been months since we have heard from them. One grows skeptical. Is there any character in our new society to take the place of the old character of individualism? Is the humanitarianism which the last generation suppressed in business and exuded upon foundations and universities, more vital now that the strong men who took with the right hand and gave with the left are gone? Is the beauty which they, like Soames, forced out of their lives, and then sought, like fugitives, in pictures, and bronzes, and opera, and Tudor Gothic, where it took the form of property—is it dealt with more intelligently today? Is religion? Is love? This is what an American thinks, what he must ask, as he reads Galsworthy, seeing in the special English problem a reflection of his own. And we understand the grim sadness of Soames Forsyte at his life's end, self-critical, skeptical of the future; and we realize, as Galsworthy the idealist was forced by his own imagination to realize, that life is a series of defeats and compensations, of values frustrated to the peril of the race, of character that may emerge as a result of frustration—or may not.

The nineteenth century, liberal, progressive, hopeful, intensely possessive, was a laboratory of human nature. The books of John Galsworthy are a report of what happened in the English section, which was so much then the center of the modern world. If the reader reflects upon the story of how Soames Forsyte bought, and how he lost, Irene, who was the symbol of the "life that is wild and young" which belongs to the Cyprian alone, he may sum up the whole matter by saying that love and Irene fell victims to property, yet from their loss stoicism shaped that character which gives to society a backbone if not a heart. Where are our

*Bavarian Gentians**

By D. H. LAWRENCE

NOT every man has gentians in his house
in Soft September, at slow, sad Michaelmas.

Bavarian gentians, big and dark, only dark
darkening the day-time torch-like with the smoking blueness of Pluto's gloom,
ribbed and torch-like, with their blaze of darkness spread blue
down flattening into points, flattened under the sweep of white day
torch-flower of the blue-smoking darkness, Pluto's dark-blue daze.
black lamps from the halls of Dio, burning dark blue.
giving off darkness, blue darkness, as Demeter's pale lamps give off light,
lead me then, lead me the way.

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch!
let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch of this flower
down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness
even where Persephone goes, just now, from the frosted September
to the sightless realm where darkness is awake upon the dark
and Persephone herself is but a voice
or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper dark
of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense gloom,
among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness on the lost bride and her groom.

* The following poem is to be included in "Last Poems," by D. H. Lawrence, to be issued next week by the Viking Press.

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own minds at this end of the age of possessiveness? Have we the self-knowledge of Soames Forsyte in his Thames-side gallery? Can we hope like the couple in Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" for a future for our country of dignity, and greatness, and peace again? Or must we live our own Forsyte Saga to its end, and wait for a John Galsworthy to tell us what it meant?

The Will of a Liberal

(*Continued from first page*)

and Strachey unfolded his red flag, as he does with an annoying eye to the psychological moment, Gibbs would feel like the parent who still regards his son as a baby at the precise moment when that son has made him a grandfather.

I commend this book of Sir Philip's to all who are striving to find some way of clarifying in their own minds the contrast between the recent past and the immediate present, between the liberal world which the war destroyed and the revolutionary universe in which we now live. Do not read Gibbs for economic remedies. To be sure he has a program to transport the surplus population of England to the "empty places" of Canada and the other Dominions. But of course the obstinate Briton will not migrate and the selfish colonial will not let him in.

No, Gibbs was a sentimentalist at Armageddon and he remains a sentimentalist in the Great Depression. I remember at the beginning of the present crisis, Benes, the great Czech Foreign Minister, said to me—"I am an unrepentant liberal." Two years later he recalled the earlier declaration and said—"Now I am only a humble believer." Gibbs is at bottom a liberal and in this post-war world with humanity uprooted and the Manchester School of *laissez-faire* gone to the damnition bow wows, your true liberal must either take refuge in philosophy or religion. He must either see things as they are, realistically, and quit altogether, or turn his eyes inward or upward toward pure reason or blind faith.

Knowing Gibbs you would have guessed that in the end religion rather than philosophy would attract him. He says—

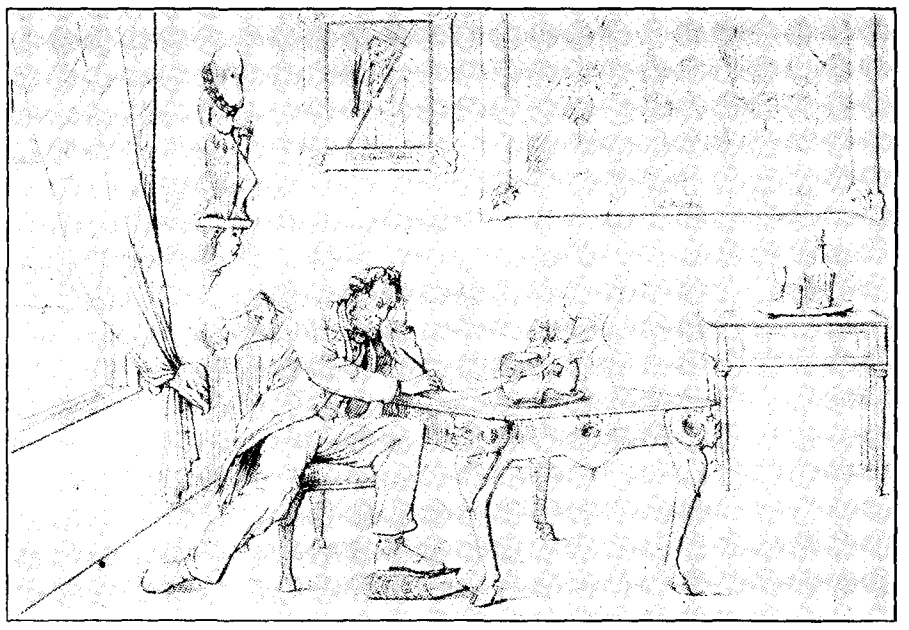
> Only by a supreme faith in a divine meaning behind all appearances can man find any reconcilement between his yearnings and his disillusions. Without some faith in some God there is only despair in the end.

In a sense this volume of Sir Philip constitutes the last will and testament of a pre-war liberal. Like so many of the rest of us, who belong to his generation, he saw the war as a single, clear, and definite episode in time and space. It was terrible, but out of its terrors something better and nobler would arise, not in the long future, but in our own time. The war was a detached and evanescent bit of madness, a gap between sanities. That was what the song of the thrush meant to Gibbs huddled in a trench under "The Ridge" where the Bapaume Road climbs beyond the shambles of Fricourt. That was what the Russian Revolution, the Irish Rebellion, the American irruption into the world, meant to him—once.

But look at the thing now! You see the incredible advantage the John Stracheys of to-day have over the generation which inherited liberalism as a religion and lived to find out that it was only a superstition. They inherit nothing. They can dispossess capitalism with a word and dismiss divinity itself, by a gesture. They are not like their predecessors, condemned to start life on an unseaworthy craft, watch it suddenly settle under their feet and, finally, huddled in a fragile lifeboat launched out on an angry sea, commend their souls to the Unseen. On the contrary THEY START SWIMMING!

"The Way of Escape," Sir Philip calls his book. But the significant thing about it is that his "way" is not forward or backward but upward. The young Fascists can go back to Napoleon with Mussolini or Hitler. The young Communists can go onward to Marx with Lenin and Stalin. But for us old liberals, what is there left—after prayer—but "to put out the light and go to sleep?"

Frank H. Simonds, it hardly need to be said, was himself one of the most outstanding commentators of the World War period.



WRITING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

A Confederate Caricature showing Lincoln, his foot resting on the Constitution, and Satan holding the inkpot.

Reproduced from James Truslow Adams's "The March of Democracy (Scribners).

Barton on Lincoln

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $7.50.

Reviewed by CARL SANDBURG

WILLIAM E. BARTON, Congregational clergyman of Oak Park, Ill., was the author of a formidable row of books on Abraham Lincoln. In his early fifties this field of study attracted him to the extent of writing books, and a steady output poured from him for fifteen years, death overtaking him with this latest production lacking his revisions and his concluding chapters. In two areas of the Lincoln tradition his services were distinctive and surpassing, his researches in the ancestry and forebears of Lincoln piling up an unprecedented array of fact, deduction, and speculation, while his volume, "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," probably assembles more concrete data than any other work on the religion of Lincoln. No other volumes except those of Nicolay and Hay attempt and realize so complete a presentation of the facts about the man who in early 1861 went from Springfield, Ill., to the national capital to try his prentice hand at running the United States government through a storm that couldn't be laughed off by the most gargantuan comic approach. The author in a foreword records pertinently that "in the multiplication of books concerning Abraham Lincoln there is conspicuous lack of the thoughtful and systematic attempts to interpret the period of the presidency," and indicates that the precise point for the beginning of such an attempt might well be "the time Lincoln appears to have been putting forth his first deliberate effort to gain the presidency."

Therefore the opening chapter sees Lincoln in Kansas in 1859 just after John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. Chapters on the nomination, campaign, and election of Lincoln to the presidency and his final days at Springfield and the journey to Washington require nearly half of the first volume. Then the narrative flows on under the familiar heading ranging from the inauguration, the cabinet, Sumter, Bull Run, McClellan, to Sherman's march to the sea, the second inaugural, the fall of Richmond, Appomattox, the assassination, burial at Springfield. Under these well worn headings where usually there is no fresh material presented, Dr. Barton recurrently sets forth data not hitherto appearing in studies of the period of the presidency. He is unique in his employment of the diary of Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy under Lincoln, and of the diary of Orville Hickman Browning, United States Senator from Illinois, and an old law practice associate of Lincoln. Others have made use of these diaries, but less adequately than Dr. Barton.

Regarding the famous letter of admonition to Gen. Hooker, we are told that after writing it Lincoln didn't sign it, but "apparently rose from his chair and walked the floor, reading the letter aloud to himself as was his custom, and debating with himself whether to send it or not; he decided to send it, and signed the letter *standing up.*" Now in a case like this, those who knew Dr. Barton were well aware that he had some well grounded reasons for saying Lincoln signed the letter standing up. He offers none of these reasons, however, and we may know the basis for it when we have gone to the work referred to in a footnote, "Abraham Lincoln and the Hooker Letter," an address by Dr. Barton before the Pennell Club of Philadelphia.

The three concluding chapters by William Townsend, author of "Lincoln in His Wife's Home Town," "Lincoln the Litigant," and other pieces of scrupulous workmanship in this field, bring the narrative to a well sustained close.

Carl Sandburg, whose first reputation was made as a poet, is the author of one of the most popular biographies of Lincoln of recent years.

Concerning an Art

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP. By ABEL BONNARD. Translated from the French by PERLIE P. FALLON. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $1.75.

UNDOUBTEDLY this compact little book will be widely read, and many of its sentences and entire paragraphs thoughtfully transcribed to notebooks. The author, M. Abel Bonnard, member of the French Academy, is presented by Abbé Ernest Dimnet in his Foreword as being full of sensibility but even fuller of intelligence. In its mode, which is French and exquisite, the book is excellent, though to some tastes it will seem too French and too exquisite. It contains wisdom expressed meticulously, which to some will seem a collection of platitudes. It is the wisdom of a perfectly-ordered French life, so perfectly ordered that one might call it precious.

The first section of the book, Concerning the Foundations of Friendship, is followed by a series of reflections on the main theme; further reflections bridge the third part, Concerning the Modes of Friendship, and the fifth, which is a dialogue on the possibility of friendship between man and woman; the concluding section is entitled The Art of Life. The book is full of such aphorisms as these, by which you may judge it: "True friends are those seeking solitude together"; "Love can die of a truth as friendship of a lie."

The Stage and the Study

WHAT THE AUTHOR MEANT. By GEORGE R. ROSS. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $2.50.

THE CASE FOR TRAGEDY. By MARK HARRIS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THE drama is both a stage thing and a book thing; it has a theatrical history and a literary history; and there are several curious incidentals to this linked and duplex situation. No play endures long on the stage only. However popular or esteemed it may be at the time, unless it is also interesting in print, it is soon forgotten. If there are any exceptions, they are very few. The great dramatists keep the bulk of their immortality in books, not in the theater. Elizabethan as well as Greek drama has a hundred, perhaps a thousand, readers to one spectator. On the other hand the drama in literature seems to lose its firmness and vitality unless it has one foot on the stage. A story can be written in dialogue as well as in narrative, but the drama has always drawn its vertebrate consistency from the necessities of the stage. Moreover, it is evident that the reader who only reads and never sees, or better attempts to produce, a play that was written for the stage, never gets all the point of view of the playwright.

Mr. Ross's author is Shakespeare, and he assumes that "What the Author Meant" is what comes out when a Shakesperean play is produced, that he "meant" the theatrical only. "I have endeavored to guess what the author's intention was before he began to dress it up in gorgeous poetry." This also assumes that the intention was settled, the play thought out, before the writing began. Now my guess would be that it was not. I think that he did not start with a formula of meaning but with a story, usually a simple minded story, which grew subtle, complex, sometimes incongruous, under his hand. If "what he meant" means antecedent intentions, I think they were to make a successful play out of a given story. The rest was what happened in his extraordinary mind while he worked. Ibsen must have started with a carefully thought out theme and written his play to demonstrate it, but the evidence indicates that Shakespeare did not. I think that his hit or miss method, as it seemed to Ben Jonson, must have been partly what the latter had in mind when he said that Shakespeare "lacked art." I think, moreover, that he meant a great deal which was not theatrical at all. A large part of his values are not stage values, are not playable, and have never been played. But they are also a large part of his enduring fascination, and so have had a deal to do with keeping him on the stage. The plays were popular from the beginning; he understood stage values; he was a man of the theater. But he was more than that. So were other playwrights among those strange Elizabethans. The scholar in his study misses many solutions because he does not understand footlight effects, but the actor or producer, who only cares for what he can put over those lights, does not care for a great deal that nevertheless is there. "One cannot hope to understand thoroughly a play by a great dramatist until one has had to produce it." Probably true. Neither can he understand a great poet until he has spent solitary hours over him, oblivious of actors and scenery.

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Shakespeare there is a liberal selection of critical comments, and not a few by celebrated actors. But it is curious how little of this theatrical criticism is suggestive or interesting. I seem to remember that the only ones which appeared not quite commonplace were some by Fechner. But Mr. Ross is more a producer than actor, and has produced under special circumstances. He was manager for the Old Vic, for the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and for the British Empire Shakespeare Society. At any rate his little volume is the most intelligent book on Shakespeare that I know of from the purely theatrical standpoint, and should be known to every Shakespearean scholar. It is full of such things as this—new, so far as I know, though almost anything may already exist somewhere in the wilderness of Shakesperean comment:

> There was little blood royal in the Tudors [he remarks], therefore they were more insistent on it, and more touchy than the Plantagenets, or the Valois, or Hapsburgs. And Shakespeare's notion and experience of sovereigns were Tudor. So all his fictitious potentates have some of the characteristics of Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

For instance, Leontes in "A Winter's Tale" is a sort of Henry VIII. It is the touchy obstinacy that should be brought out in the rendering. With this type of potentate a notion acquiesced in by those around him may fade away, but opposed it becomes a conviction.

Mr. Ross oversimplifies "Hamlet" from the standpoint of literature, but from the standpoint of the stage he is probably right. He says that "the central idea of the tragedy is that 'Hamlet,' in trying to reconcile his conscience to a wicked act (killing the king), had rendered himself callous to every other ethical point (several other incidental killings and the treatment of Ophelia), and thereby ruined his soul." But is there a central idea in the tragedy? There are a number of competitives. It is a river of ideas. A mind too vivid and incessant for the will to stay on the track, is the Coleridgean formula, and as proper for a psychologist as Mr. Ross's is evidently a more playable one. He thinks that Shakespeare keeps the stage because he is "adaptable." I should rather say "selectable," and because there is more in him than can be played. You cannot play all the character of Hamlet. You have to select a playable aspect and play up to that. And the parodox of it is that what you have to leave out is a good part of the why you are invited to play him at all.

Mr. Harris is not concerned with the interpretations of the theatre. His thesis is a rebuttal against Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch who has argued, in "The Modern Temper," that tragedy is no longer possible because man has lost his high place in his own conception; and against the New Humanists who think it not possible without the newly humanistic cure. There is no tragedy without heroism and a moral code, say the New Humanists; and Mr. Krutch that science has killed it. Tragedy is anthropocentric.

Mr. Harris's approach is what he calls the "sociological," using the word in a special sense. There are values and theories of value current today, but they are very different from those current in Athens or the Middle Ages or in Elizabethan England. "It is our intention to note the presence of such values and to affirm their capacity to guarantee the sociological tragic response." I think he is altogether right, though I do not like his word "sociological." It is better to redefine the word tragedy than to try to get a new one. You make your definition out of Greek examples and exclude the Elizabethan. Then you redefine to include the Elizabethan. To include the modern you must redefine once more. Tragedy is inherent in the human situation. Neither the towering personality nor the justice of fate are essential to it. Wherever the problem and the contest, the shadow and the power, is rendered, and the deep bell tone is heard, there is tragedy. The tragic patterns of Ibsen, Hardy, and O'Neill show important departures from traditional tragic requirements. The modern tragic author is indifferent to the noble protagonist and skeptical about the moral order of the universe. His protagonist is not superior but representative. Mr. Harris finally offers tentatively the definition that seems to have emerged from his angle or angles of approach:

> Tragedy is the projection of personal and collective values which are potentially or actually put in jeopardy by the course of the dramatic action; while, at the same time, the jeopardy of those values evokes from the spectator a response through his loyalty to the values involved, a response positive in character, yet differing widely from age to age and from individual to individual.

For contemporary values and the theories of them he acknowledges a debt to Dr. Erwin Edman's recent "The Contemporary and his Soul." But "to my knowledge, the sociological approach to tragic drama has not been attempted hitherto." Evidently, from that approach, the first question to be asked about any tragedy is: What were, or are, the values cherished by the era which produced or produces it? Tragedy in art can be more briefly defined as the rendering of the tragedy inherent in the human situation.

Mr. Ross writes an admirable style that is both easy and finished, whereas Mr. Harris's is a little heavy, as the American academic style is too apt to be. Both of them look with clear eyes, think with good brains, and present what they see and think with candor and emphasis. The two together illustrate how different is the range of significance when a play is a problem of contemporary production on the practical stage, and when the scholar in his study sees it light up some cultural stage of humanity.

Irish Life

THE ENCHANTED WINTER. By MARTIN HARE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE materials out of which Mr. Hare—who is in reality a Miss Girling—has made a particularly delightful book are not in themselves promising. Most persons would no doubt consider a winter spent in the wilds of County Cork during the post-war period far from enchanted. When to the actual discomforts of life in Kilmartin Rectory there was added a general uncertainty as to the safety of one's life, it is small wonder that the English bank clerk hero should consider himself far from fortunate to be a paying guest of the Rev. Mr. Palliser. He had come to Ireland to learn to be a country gentleman, since

MARTIN HARE.

a curious quirk of fate had made him heir to an Irish estate. A distant blood connection with the Pallisers caused him to apply to them for help, and being even more than usually hard up, the Pallisers naturally took advantage of the opportunity to have him stay with them, though not even the Rector could claim that Kilmartin afforded much opportunity for the amenities of life.

Yet in the end the extraordinary charm of the Palliser family more than compensated for whatever training for the squirearchy Philip Silver may have missed. Few recent books have created a group of characters more truly alive or more accurately observed than the Pallisers. The three daughters, the son with republican leanings, the Rector, beloved outside his own circle, and his beautifully rectorial wife all have their sharply individual personalities, yet the life of the family as a whole is the most important factor in the book. Kilmartin Rectory and its inhabitants, poverty stricken, disorganized, and at odds with each other, emerge clearly from the not very important body of the story as an achievement sufficient to raise the author's first novel far above the level of contemporary fiction.

Miss Girling has brought a rare humor and sincerity to this portrayal of what is unmistakably a place and a life she knows almost too well from personal experience. Though her work is essentially Irish in its mixture of the poetic with the matter of fact, she avoids sentimentality and an excessive indulgence in rhapsodic descriptions of the Irish countryside. Still more unusual is the way in which she has kept all political feeling out of her book, though the troubled times of the Black and Tans, when no man's life was safe after dark, form the background of the story. Like Philip Silver, however, the author manages to keep out of it all, to the very great advantage of a book which has no other purpose than to show us, unforgettably, a few charming human beings "from the life." The tragic power of certain scenes fits into all this without overemphasizing this side of the Pallisers' existence, which, like most people's, went on without ever reaching any great climaxes. Perhaps the most considerable of the author's many triumphs is the fact that she manages to give us the tragic and the humorous, the eccentric and the everyday, in just proportion, the whole resulting in a wise, ironical, and yet sympathetic book which should be popular and will probably be remembered.

On a Small Stage

JENNY WREN. By E. H. YOUNG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

A DELIGHTFUL practitioner of a careful art in writing, Miss Young carries on in this novel the promise of "William" and more particularly "Miss Mole." The reader who demands the international scene, literary pigments in lurid colors, and action piled on action will not find Miss Young's simple incident and small stage to his taste. Neither Jenny nor anyone else in this story wanders more than an easy walk from the street of lodgings called Beulah Mount, in Upper Radstowe. Except for the shadowy figure of one fine gentleman, "Jenny Wren" deals only with persons in the most modest of circumstances. In a literary age in which the moral limits rival interstellar space, here is a book in which a Mr. Allsop's kiss on Dahlia's cheek is the extreme demonstration in that direction.

Yet singularly deep and true emotions are revealed by Miss Young's skilful handling of character. One may marvel at the curiously circumscribed experience of Jenny Wren and her sister Dahlia; in a sophisticated age the simple directness of their approach to life is as unexpected as it is convincing. Throughout Miss Young's pages one is moved by the wholesomeness and the sincerity of the manner in which she has drawn her character and scene.

The story itself is slight in sequence, and the annals of the lodgings at Upper Redstone move along so quietly that one is all the more amazed by rarely chosen phrases which light up the scene effectively in swift flashes and by passages in which one stands in the presence of truth. Though impatient readers may rebel at the carefulness with which Miss Young draws in the fine lines of her picture, the art is sure and pleasant.

André Maurois is engaged on a book entitled "King Edward and His Times." In writing it he has secured the advantage of conversations with many of those who played important roles in the period.

A Novel about Socrates

THE MASK OF SILENUS. By BABETTE DEUTSCH. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

ONE wishes that Miss Deutsch had written her book because she so very much wanted to that nothing could stay her. Love is an old-tried companion of art, but "Art for altruism's sake" smacks somewhat too much of the amiable but tepid virtues of social service. The author tells us in the preface that the story of Socrates "deserves a more general audience than Plato commands"; that "it seems worth while . . . to recall a man who under similar circumstances" (to those of the present day) "stood for the spirit of free inquiry, for the inviolability of the individual, with the lonely honesty and courage which are the badge of human dignity." It is the age-

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

old problem of "caviare to the general." Because Socrates lives for us in the pages of Plato is no reason, of course, why he should not find as many interpreters as Dr. Faustus himself. But creation needs a bolder and more imaginative method than Miss Deutsch employs. She clings so closely to the text of Plato that one cannot help but wish that it were all his.

My curiosity having been aroused concerning the responsiveness of the public to the figure of Socrates, I had recourse to "The First Hundred Million" by Haldeman-Julius to discover what role the works of a somewhat paraphrased Plato played among those blue pearls he was wont to cast with such a magnanimous hand. There I read these impressive figures of sales in a single year. The "Trial and Death of Socrates," 15,000; "The Republic," 13,500; "Dialogues of Plato," 8,000. And even the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon brings up a not too disgraceful rear, with 8,000 copies sold.

The most interesting parts of the book are not the retelling of the symposium and of the trial and death of Socrates, but those which are entirely due to the invention of the author. There is much charming and some moving writing, but the book remains a mosaic. We admire the minuteness of the component parts and the skill with which they have been put together, but the resultant picture is rather lifeless and Oh! so little memorable compared with Plato's tale.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 35.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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Chance Acquaintances

ORIENT EXPRESS. By GRAHAM GREENE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHATEVER the reason, whether or not it is the fretful, shifting movement of modern life, which makes continued concentration upon a single subject more difficult for us than it was for our fathers, there has recently developed a kind of fiction (on the stage as well as in print) calculated to please minds that are darting, impatient, and ever avid of variety. The authors who cater to these minds, weave, telescope, or jumble, according to their skill, six or a dozen stories into one. Instead of dogging the steps of a hero or heroine from birth to death, after the fashion of yesterday, they establish momentary contact with a group of characters, fortuitously or forcefully gathered together upon some spot of the earth's surface, and reveal them to our dancing eyes in a series of quick flashes. Whether it be from room to room of a grand hotel, from house to house of a city block, from cabin to cabin of a luxury liner, or from one guest to another guest invited to the same dinner party, our attention is shuttled back and forth as the author turns swiftly from tale to tale. Sometimes these tales converge to form an organic whole; more often they touch, by accident, at only a few points if at any. The effect is rather like that of a six-ring circus with all rings running at full blast.

Under the title which John Dos Passos used for a book of travel impressions back in 1927, Mr. Greene gives us one of the most exciting and successful novels of this new type that I have read. The action, or almost all of it, takes place in the compartments and corridors of the Orient Express: "Ostende - Cologne - Vienna - Belgrade-Istanbul." The characters are those whom chance has thrown together for the journey. There is Myatt, the Jewish dealer in currants, young, shrewd, sensual, armed with money and good clothes, blending assurance with the social flexibility of his race. There is Coral Musker—slim, poor, underfed, hard-working, girlishly appealing, wise in the ways of men and so far successful in the arts of virginal self-defense—the English music hall dancer who is going out to Constantinople to join a troupe known as Dunn's Babies. There is Dr. Czinner, revolutionist of Belgrade, a humanitarian ready to sacrifice human beings for an ideal, an exile from his native land, returning home with valiant hopes. There is, after Vienna, Josef Grunlich, thief and murderer, a crafty scoundrel innocent of a single redeeming trait. There is Mabel Warren, mannish newspaper woman, hot on the trail of Dr. Czinner, and hysterically in love with Janet Pardoe; and there is the beauteous and vacuous Janet, who thinks it might be more satisfactory to be loved by a man. There is also Mr. Quin Savory, writer of best-selling trash, who yearns to assist Miss Pardoe in being unfaithful to Miss Warren.

The actions of these strangely assorted characters, or rather their interactions, compose Mr. Greene's multiple story. There is no reason to lift it from him for purposes of synopsis here. It is enough to say that his men and women are vigorously realized, that Carol Musker wins our hearts—and would also break them by her misfortune, were we not confident of her ability to care for herself; and that the tale tightens gradually into a well-knit whole. It is certainly permissible, also, to remark that the mood of the novel is essentially one of cynical disillusion. The Orient Express, with its temporary inhabitants, bears a curious miniature resemblance to the planet that once passed under the euphemistic name of the Good Ship Earth. Lives are warped or destroyed by accident and coincidence. Justice is nowhere apparent. The idealistic dreamer dies like the proverbial dog; Carol, the innocent, is dangerously embroiled with forces of which she is ignorant; Grunlich, the contemptible murderer, triumphantly eludes the law; Janet Pardoe, the brainless parasite, falls from one soft bed into another. Myatt, the man of shrewd business and discreet sensuality, eats his cake and finds more ready to his hand.

But to write of "Orient Express" in this way is, perhaps, to take overseriously a story that may have been intended only to excite and entertain. Nothing is more elusive than the line across which we step when we pass from merely good current fiction into the realm of genuine literature. One thing is certain, however: whether or not it be anything more, "Orient Express" is *very* good current fiction. The English Book Society was well justified in its recent choice.

A Scottish Pastoral

SUNSET SONG. By LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON. New York: The Century Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN the last few years there has appeared a number of books written out of the impulse to catch a vanished or vanishing way of life, and to try to preserve it for posterity, as the poet tries to preserve the fading cheek of his mistress. All such books are written from the heart, they have evident sincerity and tenderness—but they are of very various degrees of merit, and often the author easily convinces us of his own love for his subject, but does not succeed in making us feel that it is lovable. "Sunset Song" is a book of this particular kind. It is intended to be a picture of the Scottish crofters, the independent peasantry who came to an end with the war. The author is not concerned with either the sociological or the dramatic possibilities of the actual downfall of the class; his principal couple are not concerned in it at all, since they have both ceased to be crofters before the end of the book; he wishes solely to portray a little society as it was in 1911 and thereafter, and as it is no more.

In his portrayal he is evidently torn between the desire to leave an authentic, realistic testimony to the future, and the desire to give an idealized picture, an impression of how this little state looked to a lover of it. At least, this seems to be the only way to account for the bewildering changes of tone, and the lack of organization in the narrative. The second and third quarters of the book are taken up with a really lovely, but singularly static idyll; Eean and Chris, two young people, fall in love with each other, and encounter no difficulties, and walk together in beautiful landscapes, and are married; that is all. But the first quarter of the book makes a very different impression; it is a realistic depiction, almost against the author's will, it seems, of a peasantry who are indeed independent, and rather humorous, but who are represented as brutal in every way; they are cruel, they delight in malicious gossip, they are so gross that almost it seems as if every character in the book, from the minister down, was found lying coupled in the hay. Again at the end, the love-story suddenly and quite unexpectedly turns to tragedy; and the mood is not left unbroken even here, for there is an unconvincing patched-up happy ending for the heroine. In consequence of this constant change of key, the narrative is extremely jerky; it will stand still at an incident for thirty pages, and then advance to the next one with a violent jolt.

The parts of the book are far better than the whole. The gnarled villagers are vital, convincing, and strongly individual; one likes to hear them talk, to gather up their good, stout prejudices and their vivid country expressions; and if the author has not quite the supreme gift of communicating to us the affection with which he evidently regards them in spite of their faults, still he has the great talent of introducing us to an actual and human society. The language of the book is on the whole excellent; it is full of Scottish words and expressions, introduced so skilfully that they usually explain themselves, and warm the heart as such earthy talk always does. Even here, however, the author has a curious trick of printing the speeches of his characters in italics instead of using quotation marks, which seems to be an affectation, and is at first distracting.

There are many admirable pages in the book, and some delightful ones; but it is impossible not to feel that here was the material for two or three books, each of which would have been better than the present volume.

A SCOTTISH HAMLET, by P. F. Anson. Reproduced from "Artist's Country" (The Studio).

One of the Moderns

SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

COUNT KEYSERLING has succeeded Henri Bergson as the popular philosopher of the hour. Each successive book is acclaimed as a masterpiece by the reviewers, each successive tour of the noble author takes on more and more of the character of a royal progress, with public dinners, fêtes, and all but fireworks. The popularization of philosophy, or the philosophication of popularity, begun by William James, has reached its ultimate in Count Keyserling.

The deracination of the contemporary culture of the leisure classes finds in him a perfect expression. Cosmopolitan of the cosmopolitans, wanderer in many lands, equally at home in Paris or Tokio, on Siberian tundras or Argentine pampas, he has given intellectual prestige to the popular passion for globe-trotting. His wide, if none too deep, learning, the extraordinary amount of intellectual plunder which he has gathered alike from ancient mythology and the most recent science, the amazing fertility of his ideas which sprout up on every page with the rank and incoherent profusion of a tropical jungle, all mark him as a modern of the moderns. His extreme temporalism, his contempt for logic, his reliance upon his own intuition—a reliance so overweening as to be almost sublime ("My intuition tells me that these Indians are far older than historical research will have it")—these are in perfect harmony with the impatient, anti-intellectualistic tendencies of the age. Most important of all, he has satisfied the vague longings of his class by a half-mystical, half-magical gospel of salvation, delivered partly with the eloquence of grandiose poetry, partly with the messianic tones of a new apocrypha,—a gospel which on examination turns out to be the most pretentious of all the many forms of that aristocratic estheticism which is today the most usual type of escape philosophy.

Count Keyserling's hold upon facts has always been decidedly loose; as he would say, facts as such never interested him. The frank subjectivity of his travel books is what gives them their distinctive quality; they record the pilgrimages of a contemporary Childe Harold. The author is always more interested in the reactions of his own sensitivity to the countries through which he passes than in the countries themselves. In "The Travel Diary" one did find subtle distinctions between the various types of Eastern philosophy with illuminating comments upon each; more than that, successive civilizations seemed to rise before our eyes, much interpreted and distorted, no doubt, but still with a semblance of reality in their own right. In Count Keyserling's most recent work, on the other hand, the various nations of South America seem to exist only for the purpose of furnishing the author with an appropriate descriptive formula or text. Edmund Burke might think it impossible to indict a whole nation, but Count Keyserling is now willing to sum up an entire continent in a phrase. South America—all of it—is an embodiment of "The Third Day of Creation," when the earth was separated from the waters and vegetable life appeared. The inhabitants are creatures of earth, with a "frenzied reptilian sexuality"—the Biblical analogy being momentarily forgotten; they are almost mineral in their cold-bloodedness; they are under the dominion of "Gana," irrational impulse, matter barely come to consciousness; the furthest reach of their attainment is to rise to "Delicadeza," the realm of emotional activity which Count Keyserling denominates "The Soul" in distinction from "Spirit" which belongs only to European and Oriental peoples.

"Gana" expresses itself through "Original Hunger," characteristic of the courageous male with his insatiable lust for power, and of "Original Fear," the quality of the Female, who is the more "primitive" of the two (though why fear should be more primitive than hunger is not very apparent), and who, with the weapons of craft and dissimulation, seeks security and hence property (men never care for property, the author assures us, they care only for power). This sorry Gana is obsessed by its consciousness of War and Blood and Fate and Death and Sorrow, to each of which a chapter is devoted without advancing the central thought much further but including many really powerful descriptions of the long night of horror during which the "Yeast of Creation" boils and foams to no purpose. In this night the majority of men still dwell. And yet their essence belongs to a different world, that of Spirit, which is not, as one might hastily suppose, connected with reason or morality, both of which are still earth-bound and utilitarian, but is opposed to Nature at every point, being pure imagination, pure play, disinterested, free, and indeterminate.

This intrusion of Spirit into a hitherto naturalistic universe is left by the author an absolute miracle. However inexplicable, it is for him the most important factor in the entire process. The ability to create mental images is that which distinguishes men from the rest of creation. And the inward image, once formed, tends to recreate the outer world in accordance with itself, it becomes a model-plan which is realized in action and thus gives promise of man's increasing control of the alien Nature from which his body sprang. There is, of course, much that is psychologically sound in all this, but the metaphysics remains deplorable. Why should Nature so readily take the impress of an utterly different type of being, and why should self-sufficient, playful Spirit involve itself at all in these affairs of earth? By the antagonism which he sets up between Spirit and the vital impulses and the emotions, Count Keyserling leaves his creative spiritual force without either motive to act or means to act.

In connection with this review see the letter on page 494.

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Finding of the Snark

By ARTHUR RUHL

IT must be clearly understood at the outset that all rights and privileges in the discovery herein to be announced belong to Dean Wallace B. Donham of the Harvard School of Business Administration. He is the Columbus of this literary adventure; the writer a reluctant Boswell, or, as they put it even more bluntly in the trade, mere rewrite man.

The genesis of his connection with the subject, through correspondence growing out of a first-night review of his of "Alice in Wonderland," may be passed over in a word. Suffice it to say that Mr. Donham presently emerged as the translator of the Riddle of the Snark, a mystery which has baffled generations of Carroll addicts and in the researches of one of them (see essay by "Snarkophilus Snobbs" in special Christmas number of the London *Mind* for 1901) was held "responsible for forty-nine and one-half per cent of the cases of insanity and nervous breakdown which have occurred during the last ten years."

Dean Donham not only solves the riddle, but with a clarity and pragmatism which contrasts pleasantly with the fuzzy speculations of some of the earlier workers in this field, who endeavored to identify the Snark as Happiness or even as the Absolute, he hitches it directly to the Depression which now dismays and bewilders the entire civilized world. To put it in a word, Mr. Donham holds, and supports his thesis not only by the verses themselves but by an imposing body of scholarly research, that the Oxford Don and Lecturer in Mathematics, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, as Lewis Carroll, wrote "The Hunting of the Snark" (and always kept his two personalities strictly apart) intended—in his Dodgsonian mind—the *Snark* to represent *Business*, while the *Boojum*, before which the searchers, if they ever met him, would "softly and suddenly vanish away," was nothing else than a panic, or general *Economic Crisis* such as now plagues the world and such as hit England a few years before the publication of the verses.

Now Mr. Donham, who works in economics and finance, amuses himself with Carrolliana, but can't amuse himself with the job of writing. And to write without amusement would, he seems to feel, threaten his amateur status. Sport for sport's sake. Yet the curious pertinence of his discovery seemed to demand its announcement without further delay — so much by way of apology for your correspondent's intrusion in the matter.

To revert to the modern, psychological biographical style, let us imagine the Business School dean lolling in a New York, New Haven and Hartford chair car on one of his frequent trips to and from Boston and New York. As the telegraph poles flit soothingly past, there hums through his idle mind, along with the lazy click of the rails, a slightly mournful threnody made up of the conflicting utterances from experts and those in high places in times like these:

> . . . The salvation of Europe cannot begin until we recover from the depression, but America cannot start recovering until Europe recovers. Wages must stay up but wages must come down. Our future depends on export trade, but our future is in the home market. Standards of living must be maintained to hold or restore buyers for our goods, but standards of living are already too high, and we are living beyond our means. The farmer is potentially one of our greatest markets, but the only hope of the farmer is to return to a subsistence level where he ceases to be a customer for anything. Taxes must go up and borrowings be kept down, but increased taxes will ruin us all, and we must borrow to keep down taxes. . . .

And so on and on, until, imperceptibly, he finds himself chanting:

> They roused him with muffins—they roused him with ice—
> They roused him with mustard and cress—
> They roused him with jam and judicious advice—
> They set him conundrums to guess.

At this point, finding himself plump in the middle of "The Hunting of the Snark," our hero's lackadaisical manner undergoes a sudden change and he betrays all the symptoms of one seized with an Idea. He sits erect, grasps the arms of his chair, his eyes gleam, and the unusually percipient observer might perhaps suspect a slightly derisive curl of the lip in the direction of those Cantabridgians who maintain that the Business School crowd are a lot of modernistic philistines, anyway, indifferent to belles lettres and ignorant of the higher things.

Running hastily, from memory, over the familiar Carroll quatrains, with coincidence following coincidence, he seizes pencil and paper and sets down the following translated titles and list of characters:

The Hunting of the Snark	=	*The Quest for Business*
(An Agony in Eight Fits)	=	(A Tragedy of the Business Cycle)

Dramatis Personæ

The Snark .....Business
The Bellman...Leaders of Business Personified
The Crew...Miscellaneous Business Men and Laborers
The Boots.....Unskilled Labor
The Maker of Bonnets and Hoods...Style Manufacturer for Retail Trade
The Barrister.....A Radical Agitator
The Broker.....Middleman Dealing in Commodities
The Billiard Marker.....A Speculator
The Banker .....Commercial Bankers Personified
The Beaver....A Skilled Textile Worker
The Baker.....A Retailer in a Luxury Trade
The Butcher.....A Textile Manufacturer
The Boojum .....A Panic
The Jubjub* .....Disraeli
Hyaenas .....Stockbrokers
Bear.....Bears in the Stock Market
Judge....A Judge Wholly Controlled by Business
Jury.....A Jury Wholly Controlled by Business
The Bandersnatch*.....The Bank of England

It is impossible to quote at any length here the lines which plausibly suggest the economic personalities of all these characters, but a reference to one or two will indicate Mr. Donham's general approach. There is the *Beaver*, for instance—

> . . . that paced on the deck
> Or would sit making lace in the bow:
> And had often (the *Bellman* said) saved them from wreck
> Though none of the sailors knew how.

The *Beaver* is a textile worker, and his rather dreary, drab, and timorous role throughout the verses suggests that he might occasionally be regarded as a handicraft worker, a fish out of water in an industrialized England, yet someone to fall back on in time of need.

The *Baker*, Mr. Donham explains, is a small business man who knows no accounting or finance but works by rule of thumb; a retailer in a luxury trade, dependent on imported raw materials, but with such weak finances that his stock is always on consignment. His haphazard methods and general planlessness are explained at length in the introductory quatrains, concluding with

> His form is ungainly—his intellect small —
> (So the *Bellman* would often remark)—
> But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,
> Is the thing that one needs with a *Snark*.
> (i. e., in business)

> He would joke with hyaenas, returning their stare (Stockbrokers)
> With an impudent wag of the head:
> And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear, (Market "bear")
> "Just to keep up its spirits," he said.

> He came as a *Baker*: but owned, when too late—
> And it drove the poor *Bellman* half-mad—
> He could only bake Bride-cake—for which I may state (Luxury trade),
> No materials were to be had. (No raw materials.)

* These two characters also appear in the "Lay of the Jabberwock."

Every reference to the *Baker* throughout the Snark similarly fits this type of small business-man. And so with the *Butcher* (manufacturer) "who gravely declared he could only kill *Beavers*" (skilled textile workers), the *Banker*, the *Bellman*, and the rest. Not only do the personalities fit, but all the seemingly nonsensical talk and doings of the members of the crew can as neatly be turned into the characteristic views and behavior of men in the pursuit of *Business* and in fear of a *Panic*.

Having established his characters, Carroll proceeds, in Fit the Second, to elaborate on typical business errors, the failure of prophecies and forecasting services, and the like:

> "What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
> Tropic Zones and Meridian lines?"
> So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply
> "They are merely conventional signs!"
> (i. e., What's the good of accounting, statistics, economics, and science?)

> . . . But the principal failing occurred in the sailing
> And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,
> Said he had hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East
> That the ship would *not* travel due West! (Failure of forecasting services.)

Then come various detours, palliatives, cure-alls, and the *Bellman's* warning of the danger of *Boojums* or *Panics:*

> For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,
> Yet I feel it my duty to say
> Some are *Boojums*—" The *Bellman* broke off in alarm
> For the *Baker* had fainted away. (Small luxury-dealer terrified at the thought of economic depression.)

They roused him with muffins, they roused him with ice, they roused him with mustard and cress, and the *Baker* was finally able to tell of his uncle's warning:

> "But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
> If your Snark be a *Boojum!* For then
> You will softly and suddenly vanish away.
> And never be met with again!"

The crew continue, notwithstanding, their desperate search for *Business*. "They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care, they pursued it with forks and hope; they threatened its life with a railway share, they charmed it with smiles and soap." The *Butcher* (manufacturer) sought to avoid labor troubles by moving his factory to the country—

> . . . making a desperate sally
> And had fixed on a spot unfrequented by man
> A dismal and desolate valley. . . .

But the *Beaver* (labor) did the same thing:

> Each thought he was thinking of nothing but "Snark"
> And the glorious work of the day:
> And each tried to pretend that he did not remark
> That the other was going that way.

> But the valley grew narrow and narrower still (Business gets worse),
> And the evening grew darker and colder
> Till (merely from nervousness, not from good will) (Co-operation from nervousness not from good-will.)
> They marched along shoulder to shoulder.

Then in Fit Five, "a scream shrill and high, rent the shuddering sky" and the voice of the *Jubjub* was heard. The *Jubjub*, Mr. Donham believes, was undoubtedly Disraeli, Prime Minister at the time, and feared by the manufacturing classes as he was opposed by Gladstone. "Dodgson was himself a Conservative," explains Mr. Donham in his notes, "and it is not surprising to find that the description of Disraeli (in a dozen of the Snark's quatrains) is keen and fair as well as amusing. His capacity for invective, his loyalty to friends, his chronic lack of money, his meticulous care in accomplishing his always bizarre personal appearance, his habit of plastering his hair in ringlets, are all carefully noted."

In Fit the Seventh, Carroll treats of banking psychology and the wild optimism preceding the crisis of 1875, when the Bank of England—*The Bandersnatch*—several times raised its rate:

> But while he was seeking with thimbles and care
> A *Bandersnatch* swiftly drew nigh
> And grabbed at the *Banker*, who shrieked with despair (The Bank raised its rate, Nov. 16, 1875)
> For he knew it was useless to fly.
> He offered large discount—he offered a cheque—
> (Drawn "to bearer") for seven-pound-ten
> But the *Bandersnatch* merely extended its neck
> And grabbed at the *Banker* again. (The Bank rate was raised to 8% although bankers offered 7½% in the open market.)

In Fit the Eighth, even the workman (*Beaver*) speculates at the top of the market, and the luxury-dealer (*Baker*), losing his head completely in the last stages of expansion, becomes the envy of all:

> They gazed with delight while the *Butcher* exclaimed
> "He was always a desperate wag!"
> They beheld him—their *Baker*—their hero unnamed—
> On the top of a neighboring crag.

> Erect and sublime for one moment of time
> In the next that wild figure they saw
> (As if stung by a spasm) plunge into a chasm
> While they waited and listened with awe.

The *Panic* had hit him, at last, and left not a cent for his creditors, "not a button, or feather, or mark, by which they could tell that they stood on the ground where the *Baker* had met with the *Snark*."

> In the midst of a word he was trying to say,
> In the midst of his laughter and glee,
> He had softly and suddenly vanished away—
> For the *Snark was* a *Boojum*, you see.

It is impossible, of course, in the limited space available here, to quote enough of these coincidences fairly to present Mr. Donham's theory, and I can only repeat his statement that "no single quatrain in the Snark goes contra to the interpretation." There are, he adds, "at least three cross-references in Carroll's other writings which confirm the thesis."

One is a syllogism from "Symbolic Logic," corroborating the interpretation of *Hyaenas* as *Stockbrokers*, and stating, in effect, that "bankers always shun stockbrokers," which leads Mr. Donham to observe that "the recent financial history of the United States would be somewhat different if this syllogism had been a correct and inclusive statement of banking behaviorism."

The second cross-reference is to "The Lay of the Jabberwock," in which both the *Jubjub* bird and the *Bandersnatch* appear, and in the preface to which Carroll remarks that the Snark "is to some extent connected with the Lay of the Jabberwock." After researches into early Carrolliana and into the history of the time too extensive to be gone into here, Mr. Donham found reason for thinking that the Jabberwock was intended to represent the Corn Laws. Carroll had personal as well as political reasons for admiring Peel and approved of his fight, against the bitter opposition of Disraeli, for the final repeal of the Corn Laws. It is the Queen who, in verses, warns of the political trouble involved, in the lines:

> Beware the *Jabberwock*, my son!
> The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
> Beware the *Jubjub* bird, and shun,
> The frumious *Bandersnatch!*
> (Beware the Corn Law controversy, Disraeli's opposition, and the financial questions bound up with the controversy over the Bank of England.)

And when Peel, facing the issue nevertheless, accomplished the repeal of the Corn Laws, the Queen gives him her praise and he exults:

> And hast thou slain the *Jabberwock*?
> Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
> O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
> He chortled in his joy.

The third cross-check is in "Through the Looking-glass" itself. It is generally recognized that Tenniel's drawing of the Gentleman in White Paper sitting opposite Alice in the railway carriage is a caricature of Disraeli. The appropriateness of "white paper" as the costume of a diplomat and Prime Minister is apparent enough and the whole conversation about economy (in government) suits the period. Still more in character is the White Paper

(*Continued on next page*)

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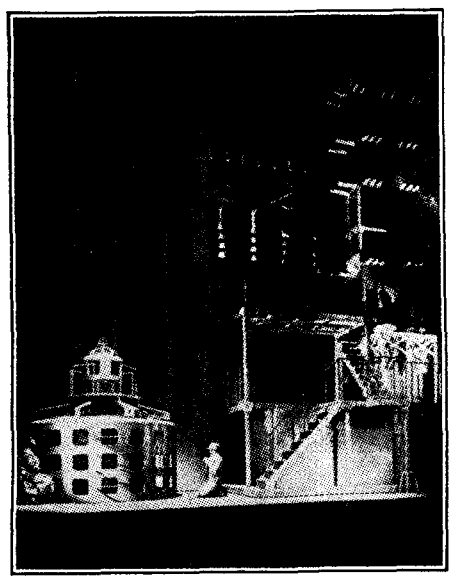
SOME ASPECTS OF CULTURE

Theatrical Production

THE STAGE IS SET. By LEE SIMONSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $5.

MANY admirable books have been written in the last two years on all phases of theatrical production. Most of these books are of little interest to the general reader because of their highly specialized character. Here is a book that deals primarily with designing stage settings, but it is treated so broadly and with such rare skill that it must appeal to all interested in the function of the theatre and its relation to the community. Either general readers, or workers in the theatre, have every reason to applaud Mr. Simonson for having elected himself to write this book; for he is equipped with years of experience and



DYNAMO.
A Setting by Lee Simonson.

success in designing for the Theatre Guild and many important New York productions.

Mr. Simonson, in his writing as in his designing, possesses a fine individual style —keen, clear, amusing, and always lively. But even his strong style cannot always hold together the wide range of subject which he discusses—the use of scenery in all the great periods of the drama, problems of contemporary scene designers, critical analyses of Craig and Appia, the business of play production, the playwright's problems, the position of the theatre today, are but some of the subjects which he considers. Throughout Mr. Simonson relates his themes to a definite philosophy which he has evolved for himself—a philosophy which illumines the dark problems of contemporary life and its arts. This does not always conceal a lack of organization in the relationship of the diverse subjects with which he deals.

Mr. Simonson has put a great deal of thought on the problems of the theatre of the past and the theatre of the present. He has a great deal to say. With much one may disagree. But his violent reactions are far more provocative and stimulating than if he had sat in scholarly judgment before the giddy career of Thalia. Mr. Simonson's passionate polemic against Craig is as blind to Craig's real contribution to the theatre as his pæan of praise in behalf of Appia is revelatory in its sympathetic understanding of Appia's contribution to it. He creates for himself four myths of lost purity—the myth of the popular belief in a bare stage in four of the greater periods of the drama's development. He attacks these myths with all the fire of Siegfried attacking four dragons. Certainly no one today working in, or writing about, the theatre has held these antique myths worth defending.

Less fortunate still, Mr. Simonson has created several myths which the course of history denies. One example suffices. The fourth century B.C. and the accompanying realistic school of acting in Athens was not the century of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides.

But the clear thinking and depth of the finer chapters of the book far outweigh Mr. Simonson's occasional surface enthusiasms and repetitions. In "The Playwright and the Spoken Word" he has written a masterly, lucid, and provocative criticism of the tradition of our present-day playwriting. In another chapter he has at last enthroned the Duke of Saxe Meiningen and recognized the full value of the contributions made by his royal troup of actors.

"The Stage Is Set" is full of important revaluations, and emphasizes modern adjustments to old and new tendencies in the course of the theatre's development. It is the more valuable because Mr. Simonson has had the imagination to look into the theatre and do some fine thinking about it, both for himself and for the theatre's public.

Contemporary Aesthetics

A STUDY IN ÆSTHETICS. By LOUIS A. REID. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by CARL THURSTON

CONTEMPORARY esthetics is as discouraging as trench warfare. Our ignorance still extends over a wide front. Imposing attacks are repeatedly launched against it, but as the method of these attacks never varies no new ground is ever gained.

If the traditional tactics of the philosophers still retained any possibility of yielding new knowledge I think they would have done so in Mr. Reid's hands. Unlike most philosophers who dabble in esthetics he starts with a genuine sensitiveness to art and a wide experience with many of its forms, and where they have been rashly dogmatic he has cautiously built up his theory a brick at a time. But the result is nothing but a very academic piece of period architecture.

The basic defect of the philosophic method is that it is designed to find out not what art is but what it is not. The philosopher's goal is a definition, and a definition is not primarily a description of the thing defined but merely a fence which will serve to mark it off from everything else in the world. In the early days of esthetics it was of immense importance to have a clear distinction drawn between art and science, art and religion, art and play, art and work, and all the rest, and philosophical esthetics was a very vital subject. But now that art has been differentiated and defined in hundreds of different ways, the limitations of the method have become apparent—to everyone except the philosophers—and philosophical esthetics has degenerated into a genteel intellectual pastime for gentlemen and scholars who may happen to prefer it to chess problems or cross-word puzzles.

One striking symptom of this low intellectual vitality is a lack of interest among estheticians in the contemporary literature of the subject. In any field of thought in which the pursuit of new knowledge is intense a mature student is expected to show a reasonable familiarity with the work that is being done in other countries as well as in his own, but in esthetics this requirement has been abandoned by tacit consent. As far as I can remember no esthetician has ever been called to task by an American reviewer for an insufficient knowledge of the literature of his subject.

A second sign of intellectual anemia is a general lack of real curiosity. Estheticians are content not merely with the old methods but with the old topics. Mr. Reid, for instance, has twenty pages to devote to tragedy, which plays an infinitesimal part in modern life, but not even a paragraph to spend on any of the three arts which have touched it most widely,—jazz music, the movies, and the new architecture. And in the one path along which esthetics could develop rapidly and fruitfully—a detailed study of the inner structure of the esthetic process and of the delicate balance of forces which sustain it—he displays only a spark or two of interest.

And in the case of esthetics one might reasonably expect a different course. It is the only remaining child of philosophy that is still more or less under the parental wing. It is not well adapted to the methods of experiment and exact measurement which have won independence for the other sciences, and it needs above everything else the power of subtle analysis which philosophy develops and the breadth of view for which she is famous. There is even a specific piece of work which is crying aloud to be undertaken, and which some philosopher might be more likely to embark on than any other type of investigator. There is already in existence, in fragmentary form and scattered widely through books and periodicals in many languages, a vast number of observations which, if collected and collated, would tell us a great deal about the nature of the esthetic process, and would probably guide all investigations in esthetics for the next hundred years. If Mr. Reid happens to have ten years to spare I recommend the task to him, for I know of no one who has more of the qualities of mind that would be needed. He will have many surprises and a few shocks—if he should study with his usual care a single book that I could name he would be impelled to rewrite at least half the text of "A Study in Æsthetics"—but I can guarantee that he will be interested. And the book which he might produce at the end of the ten years will be considerably more exciting to review than the one he has just published.

Maya Civilization

THE LOST EMPIRES OF THE ITZAES AND MAYAS. By THEODORE A. WILLARD. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1933. $6.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

ONE of the chief virtues of this handsomely presented volume is that it will probably win numerous general readers to a lively interest in the archæology and history of the Maya people of Yucatan and Guatemala. That it will also give them, on certain points, imperfect information is a defect arising from the apparently lopsided character of the author's researches; for, although he cites a number of first-rank authorities recent and contemporary, he neglects the work and ideas of a larger number of others who are fully as important as those whom he does cite. The book thus fails to be what it might well have been, namely, a general view of our present knowledge concerning the high civilization formerly prevailing in the region indicated.

No book on the Mayas can claim to be completely authoritative which omits all mention of the labors of C. P. Bowditch, Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, T. W. Gann, S. K. Lothrop, Zelia Nuttall, H. J. Spinden, G. E. Thompson, G. C. Vaillant, and at least half a dozen other leaders in this field of research. Typical of this bibliographical faultiness is Mr. Willard's omission of all reference to a volume published in 1917 by the Peabody Museum of Harvard whence, almost certainly, he derives his knowledge of the later history of the Itzaes, between 1540 and 1697. On pages 137-138 Mr. Willard gives what appear to be garbled excerpts from the writings of Father Avendaño—whom he calls "Avendano"—the leading authority concerning the last phase of Itza history. The volume referred to contains what Father Avendaño really said.

Defects of the sort indicated do not, of course, prevent the book from being highly acceptable to the non-professional reader. Indeed, this volume, well and vividly written, magnificently illustrated, and cleverly arranged, is one which commends itself both as throwing light—sometimes a justifiably lurid light—upon the past and as containing hints for prospective travellers in Yucatan about things they should see and places where they should stay. A visit to Yucatan is certain to be made more interesting if this volume goes with the traveller.

Particularly important passages—there are no numbered chapters, merely short headings—are the following: Pages 45-52, where the personalities of "The Two Greatest Men in Maya History," *i.e.*, Itzamna and Kukulcan or Quetzalcoatl, are strikingly set forth. Itzamna was by far the earlier and more mysterious, being associated with the east, a fact which causes Mr. Willard to toy rather too much with wistful thoughts of Atlantis, Egypt, etc.; Kukulcan or Quetzalcoatl, both of whose names mean Feathered Serpent, was of Toltec (Mexican) antecedents and introduced among the formerly peaceful, monotheistic Mayas, a huge pantheon and bloody rites. Again, pages 67-127 are taken up with four sections in which the stirring events of the Spanish conquest of northern Yucatan are excellently described, albeit with what some readers will hold to be insufficient documentation. The adventuresome doings of the renegade Gonzalo Guerrero, who "went native" and opposed the Montejo invasion with guile and devotion to his adopted kinsfolk, are intensively interesting and quite different from anything that went on elsewhere during Spain's conquests in America. Still again, lovers of good outdoor sports will be made glad by pages 245-260, wherein the ancient ball game of the Mayas, called by its Mexican name of *tlachtli*, is vividly described just as it used to be played in beautiful masonry courts adorned with temples. *Tlachtli* presents a certain similarity to basketball and it must have been one of the most delightful features of life in those times, being the object of much thought by all classes. Finally, pages 401-415 are of special importance to anyone who is interested in American native civilization as a whole for there Mr. Willard presents very strong evidence in favor of the use of copper tools by the Maya, who are generally thought to have done all their intricate carving and cutting with obsidian, nephrite, and other stone tools. Good pictures derived from ancient Maya codices and from actual specimens of copper tools are provided, and the evidence is very convincing.

In short, this book, whose nature and contents are here indicated briefly, is well worth reading and possessing.

Philip Ainsworth Means is a sociologist and archæologist who has worked in and written much of Latin American countries.

Finding of the Snark

(*Continued from preceding page*)

gentleman's advice to Alice to "Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops." In other words, follow the diplomatic policy of always having an "alibi" or a way of retreat in case one's plans are blocked.

The first reaction of many devotees of Lewis Carroll to any such interpretation as Mr. Donham has made will be one of slight impatience. Why clutter up sublime nonsense with any such literalistic meanings as this? And didn't Carroll himself once write that "as to the meaning of the Snark, I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense"?

Yet Mr. Donham's researches have been too thorough I think, his coincidences are too complete, lightly to be dismissed. It is pertinent, moreover, to bear in mind the curiously contradictory personalities of the "Lewis Carroll" of the generations of Englishmen and Americans brought up on Alice and the rest, with the precise and in some ways incredibly humorless Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who taught and wrote books about mathematics, and in his long residence at Christ Church, Oxford, where he finally was made Curator of the Common Room, must, like any Oxford don, have more or less constantly discussed politics. Pertinent, too, is the almost morbid fear that Deacon Dodgson had for many years of being identified as the author of Carroll's nonsense verses.

But the polemics of the theory must be left, of course, to Mr. Donham himself, and more elbow-room than is available here. When our own *Boojum* has been routed and the frumious *Bandersnatch* has ceased snapping his jaws, possibly someone will be kind enough to put his case properly, and reprint the whole Eight Fits of the Snark, with Mr. Donham's verse-by-verse annotations in the margin.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

FRIDAY'S BUSINESS. By MAURICE BARING. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

This is an entertaining piece of light fiction. There is about it the gaiety and excitement of a pre-holiday when the most fantastic things may happen. It is, in fact, Friday's Business, and at Eton College this means that the work to be done on Friday is done on Thursday afternoon, so that "tomorrow is today." On that Thursday afternoon when three young Etonians unmercifully rag their master, it seems wildly unlikely that they shall be brought together again years later in Novograd, turbulent capital of Kossovia (not on any map), and that the silent political master of that fantastic kingdom shall be that very master. But so it comes to pass. Events in the story come thick and fast. There is, naturally, a revolution. The ending is completely surprising, and seems unjustified. Most of the time the political parody is expert and pointed. "Friday's Business" is intelligent and clever nonsense.

THE BRASS CANNON. By CHARLES ALLEN SMART. Norton. 1933. $2.

There is an agreeable air of simplicity and straightforwardness about Mr. Smart's second novel, especially in the first few chapters. It is concerned with life in New York and its suburbs, and presents as its two principal characters people who are easily recognizable and familiar. The girl, Melanie Moore, who falls in love with an older man, Will Heron, in the course of an admirably described week-end in Connecticut, is something of a prig. He on the contrary is full of not very definite theories about freedom and the inadequacy of marriage in the modern world. They are a little like some of Mr. Floyd Dell's earlier heroes and heroines,—very anxious to see life whole and to enjoy it, yet hopelessly bound by a passion for self-analysis. There is never any real obstacle to their romance save their desperate adherence to these theories. Perceiving this as the book progresses, the reader may be apt to lose interest in the case of Melanie and Will before they have worked out their problem logically enough after a series of meetings and partings excellently contrived by Mr. Smart.

Unfortunately there is a certain monotony about all this. The more one knows about these people the less interesting they become, until in the end both are unreal, and seem mere shadows of the well observed human beings of that first week-end. Their extreme self-consciousness is no doubt characteristic of a group of young people in New York today, but it does not make for spontaneity or joyful reading. Mr. Smart writes well enough, and has obvious analytical powers, but it may be hoped that in his next book he will again find something of the freshness of outlook which gave his first book, "A New England Holiday," its charm.

COTTON CAVALIER. By JOHN THOMAS GOODRICH. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

This book, the winner of *College Humor's* Campus Prize for this year, illustrates the inescapable difficulty of college novels. Life in college is typically rather uneventful, or devoid at least of obvious events, and the dramas that do occur on the campus are composed of subtle emotional adjustments, or are tragedies which, though deeply real to the participants, are likely to seem unimportant to onlookers, unless treated with extraordinary sympathy. That is, the dramas of college life demand for their writing a depth of perceptiveness and a skill in presentation which are not ordinarily to be found in the writers young enough to know most about them. It is no doubt to avoid the numerous pitfalls of facile sentiment, shallow humor, and triviality generally, which beset a realistic novel of campus life, that books with this background so often take refuge in the frankly melodramatic exception.

The setting of "Cotton Cavalier" is one which would furnish ample material, if only—in this case one must reverse the proverb, and say *"Si jeunesse pouvait! Si vieillesse savait!"* It is a tiny, poverty-stricken, sectarian college in the South. Here a young instructor who tries surreptitiously to tell his more intelligent students the truth about evolution is a nine-day's scandal when he is detected; here the lights are turned out at eleven o'clock to save money; here young people of both sexes are expected to amuse themselves playing spin-the-plate at their carefully supervised parties. The causes and effects of Blakeley College, the interrelationships of the teachers and students in these unnatural surroundings, could no doubt occupy the talents of any mature novelist. But Mr. Goodrich, though he writes with great honesty, seems to have felt that the more complex problems of his scene were at present beyond him; and to supply interest in the second part of the book he provides an alleged rape and a lynching, and the story becomes merely sensational.

It is, as was suggested at first, probably inevitable that this should happen. "Cotton Cavalier" is at least better than its immediate predecessors have been, and shows promise for the future.

WHO GOES SAILING? By JOHN CONNELL. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.

This book conceals until the end a disappointment which it means to inflict upon the reader, a disappointment the more painful because the treatment has been workmanlike, and the conception really promising. Four men, casual steamer acquaintances, find themselves marooned in a Chinese port by outbreak of a revolution which forces their steamer to sail without them. A fifth man, a stranger to all of them, offers them the hospitality of his yacht; here, as they sail steadily south, they find perfect service, books, and above all complete detachment. In that isolation, each of the four passengers is moved to tell about his life. Each of them proves to be a man who has lost the thing he cared most for in life: one of them had put his heart into building up a business, which failed while he was at war, and had lived from hand to mouth since; one, an Austrian, saw his bride die of malnutrition in the post-war disturbances in Vienna; the third is of a family to whom for generations the Navy has been the only thing that mattered, and who has been obliged to keep his son out of it, because he thinks the service no longer offers any career. All these can lay the defeat of their hopes at the door of the war or at least of specific post-war changes. The fourth, however, cannot; he is an Oxford don, superficially successful, who has allowed himself to be absorbed by small duties and pleasures and neglected the scholarship for which he once thought he was born.

There is a little discussion of the cause of their failures, while they sail toward the Antarctic ice fields; the reader is inclined to feel that the problem has been rather long in stating, but the stating has been able, and one waits with interest for the solution. And the solution is that the captain of the yacht, with the greatest deliberation, and after at least a hinted consultation with his first officer, wrecks her upon an iceberg! From the point of view of philosophy, it is enough to say that if this is Mr. Connell's conclusion, one cannot understand why he troubles to write a book, or expects any one to read it. From the point of view of fiction, the thing is tolerable only as an allegory, for the idea of the lives of the sailors and stewards being thrown away, if nothing else, is too revolting if regarded realistically. But if the author means to hint that we are indeed all in the same boat, and that her captain intends to cast her away with all of us aboard, then we can object that we have been given no hint of the unreal atmosphere which should prepare us for such a conception. The book is the more baffling because one has been led to hope that its writer has something to say; but as it stands it is only vexatious.

Miscellaneous

THE ABOLITION OF UNEMPLOYMENT. By FRANK D. GRAHAM. Princeton University Press. 1932.

This book is a striking example of the tragedy of social waste in our disjointed and unintegrated time. Professor Graham has given us another analysis of our economic situation which, even though it is along lines well understood and accepted by our forward-thinking economists, is deserving of welcome because of the clear brilliance of its exposition.

To this he appends a suggestion for a solution of our difficulties. It is logical, pertinent, and would probably accomplish the result he desires. The tragedy lies in the fact that there is not a sufficient unity of thought and action in this country so that Professor Graham, instead of devoting his vitality to working out another "solution," might have joined his efforts to those of the men who have already worked out simpler and more effective solutions from the same or similar premises.

Our economic problem can no longer be treated as an intellectual exercise. It is a vital social issue. As long as men of Professor Graham's standing spend their time evolving their individual schemes, each perhaps of value in themselves, they contribute to division of counsel and paralysis of action. True, there is in this book a clarion call to action and the author warns us that if we do not follow in his steps, the responsibility for the resulting catastrophe is our own. But the action he demands is the implementation of his own scheme. That call is heard from myriad voices.

Science

THE ACTION OF THE LIVING CELL. By FENTON B. TURCK. Macmillan. 1933. $3.50.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading for there is discussed only a very limited range of cellular activities—the formation of a hypothetical substance to which the author gives the name, cytost. Furthermore, according to the author himself, this is produced in very minute quantities in living cells but is significantly manufactured in injured and dead cells. It is a summary of many years' experimentation which grew out of a study of the cause of shock and death from shock. Indeed, except for some most general references which do not have immediate bearing upon the problem, most of the experiments relate to surgical or wound shock.

The author concludes from a very large number of experiments that the symptoms of shock are largely the result of a congestion of the abdominal viscera and a retardation of the circulation of the blood in these parts and that these conditions are the result of the presence of cytost in the blood derived from the spontaneous breaking down of injured cells. Aside from the fact that cytost is resistant to high temperatures, is specific for each species with which the author experimented, and brings about the changes in the organs of digestion and the blood vessels, very little is known about it.

FICTION

A Pretty Pass. D. Footman. Mor. $2. *Damned If They Do.* H. H. Smith. Mor. $2. *Mike Fink.* W. Blair and F. J. Meine. Holt. $3. *Peng Wee's Harvest.* L. J. Miln. Stok. $2. *This, My House.* N. G. White. Stok. $2. *The Broad Arrow.* W. and MacL. Raine. Hough. Mif. $2. *Man's Mortality.* M. Arlen. Double., Dor. $2.50. *His Chinese Doll.* L. Chadman. Stratf. $2. *The Thousandth Case.* G. Dilnot. Hought. Mif. $2. *Hizzoner the Mayor.* J. Sayre. Day. $2. *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Trans. J. B. Fletcher. Macmil. $2.50. *The Poems of T. Sturge Moore.* Vol. III. Macmil. $3.50. *The Westwood Mystery.* A. Fielding. Kinsey. $2. *Dr. Falke of Harley Street.* S. Fairway. Kinsey. *The Life in the Jungle.* E. Marshall. Kinsey. $2. *Sunset Song.* L. G. Gibbon. Cent. $2. *Celebrated Cases of Charlie Chan.* E. D. Biggers. Bobbs-Mer. $2.50. *After the Deacon Was Murdered.* C. Penfield. Put. $2. *The Captain Hates the Sea.* W. Smith. Cov.-Fried. $2. *Death in the Senate.* Diplomat. Cov.-Fried. $2. *Lost Laughter.* M. H. Farnham. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. *The Foursquare Murder.* D. Hume. McBr. $2 net. *Greek Night.* P. Sanborn. Dial. $2. *The Brownsville Murders.* B. S. Keirstead and D. F. Campbell. Macmil. $2. *Buckaroo.* E. Cunningham. Hough. Mif. $2. *Riker of the Seven Seas.* F. H. Riker. Long & Smi. $2. *Death on My Left.* P. MacDonald. Crime Cl. $2. *Sergeant Sir Peter.* E. Wallace. Crime Cl. $2. *Tiger Standish.* S. Horner. Crime Cl. $2. *Eva Gay.* E. Scott. Smi. & Haas. $2.50. *The First Lover.* K. Boyle. Smi. & Haas. $2. *Lucky Baldwin.* C. B. Glasscock. Bobbs-Mer. $3.50. *The Sapphire.* A. E. W. Mason. Doub., Dor. $2. *Ranchers.* S. E. White. Doub., Dor. *Sing Before Breakfast.* V. McHugh. Sim. & Schus. $2.50. *Servants' Entrance.* S. Boo. Sim. & Schus. $2. *Man of Two Worlds.* A. Morgan. Bobbs-Mer. $2. *Forbidden Valley.* W. B. Mowery. Long & Smi. $2.

PAMPHLETS

Incentives under Capitalism and Socialism. H. W. Laidler. League for Indus. Dem. 15 cents. *Morale.* G. K. Pratt, M.D. N. Y. National Committee for Mental Hygiene. *The Tickhill Psalter.* D. D. Egbert. N. Y. Public Library. *Emerson on Swinburne.* C. K. Hyder. Modern Language Notes. *The Man of Gingerbread.* A. W. R. Miller. Oxford: Blackwell. *A Teaching Guide to the Trees and Shrubs of Greater New York.* A. H. Graves and H. M. Rusk. Brooklyn Botanic Gardens. *The Red Book of Contract Bridge.* F. E. Bourget and E. J. Tobin. Chicago: Whitman. *Unemployment Insurance.* M. B. Gilson. Univ. of Chic. Press.

PHILOSOPHY

Adventures of Ideas. A. N. Whitehead. Macmil. $3.50.

POETRY

A Draft of XXX Cantos. E. Pound. Far. & Rin. $2.50.

Last Poems. D. H. Lawrence. Vik. $3.

RELIGION

He That Cometh. G. Allen. Macmil. $1.35.

SCIENCE

The Universe of Science. H. Levy. Cent. $2.

TRAVEL

A Frenchman in England, 1784. F. de la Rochefoucauld. Ed. J. Marchand. Trans. S. C. Roberts. Macmil. $2.50. *Three Kingdoms of Indo-China.* H. J. Coolidge, Jr., and T. Roosevelt. Crowell. $3. *Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa.* T. M. Longstreth. Cent. $3. *Hawaii and Its Race Problem.* W. A. du Puy. U. S. Gov. Print. Of. $1.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

VARIA

OF course the most important book of poetry published lately will be *Last Poems* by D. H. Lawrence, with an Introduction by Richard Aldington (Viking) which appears on the twentieth of this month. It will not be reviewed by me in this department but will have a separate notice in the body of the magazine. Recently Macmillan has reissued Vachel Lindsay's volume *The Congo*. May I hope that it will be bought widely by a new generation? From the Oxford Press you can buy for a dollar a most interesting exposition of *Poetry: Its Music and Meaning*, by an eminent English poet of my own generation, Lascelles Abercrombie. The Macmillan Company has reissued *Points East*, by Rachel Field, originally published by Brewer & Warren. I can recommend this volume as composed of excellent New England narratives, enhanced by a bright color and glamour peculiar to the work of Miss Field. The original format of the book—for nothing is changed but the imprint—is also a delight. Let me call your attention also to the *Poets in Brief* series of anthologies, chosen by F. L. Lucas, published in Cambridge, England, at the University Press and in New York by Macmillan. The latest volumes are *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* and *George Crabbe*, and both the introduction and selections are excellent. Uniform with these volumes are the former ones, *Alfred Tennyson* and *Thomas Lovell Beddoes*. Scribner has brought together, with thirty-two color plates by Lionel Edwards, *The Collected Sporting Verse* of Will H. Ogilvie, who knows all about horseflesh, the polo and hunting fields, even the horses of the western ranges. Not important as poetry, his verse conveys the gusto of riding, slightly in the Kipling manner. It is good, sincere balladry about great sport, in the tradition of Whyte-Melville and Adam Lindsay Gordon. A treatise on poetry worth watching for, which will eventually come from W. W. Norton & Company, is *Discovering Poetry*, by Elizabeth Drew, a book I have been privileged to dip into in an advance copy. A third volume of *The Poems of T. Sturge Moore*, Collected Edition, is here from Macmillan. I shall have more to say of it later.

THE WORK OF COLIN ELLIS

I welcome in Colin Ellis, an Englishman, a genuinely distinguished light versifier whose work has already appeared in a former volume brought out by Basil Blackwell and entitled *The Dispassionate Pilgrim*, as well as in Mr. Squire's *London Mercury*, in *The Observer*, *Spectator*, and other English journals. Now in *Mournful Numbers* (Macmillan) we have his verses and epigrams gathered together. They gave great grace and ease. He goes directly to the root of the matter in "Pro Vita Mea:"

My life has been the common lot,
Love, pleasure, sorrow, God knows what:
Now it is time for me to die
And I am sorry, God knows why.

I'll sleep, with all the rest of men,
Perhaps to waken, God knows when,
And in His presence make my bow
And Apologia—God knows how.

And he can put a good thing even more pungently and briefly:

With Paul I have not lately dined:
My jokes were broader than his mind.

In my aging condition these rhymes, suave, adroit, and following in the footsteps of Praed and Calverley, are a relief from the cryptic effrontories of certain very modern poets. After all, they say something, they are intelligible, and they put what they say extremely well. While I can enjoy the spirit that has recently put forth in England a little periodical called *New Verse*, at sixpence every two months, and hail its mewing of a mighty youth, I do contend that the sort of thing Mr. Ellis writes is superior to such matter as this—the poem I choose from among the newest poets is called "Reginal Order" and is written by Martin Boldero:

Slow swell of walk insists
"I'm woman"; suggests
Hot spheres of flesh.

Uvula's talk lifts lip
From new-licked smile.
Lids close to a slit.
Creates thick lust
This radioactive she,
Bids man be brisk.

That is a portrait, certainly—but I prefer another satiric method. And what of tortured inversions?

"ELSPETH"

It is a natural transition from Ellis, to speak of the work of an accomplished American writer of light verse whose two books have been published signed "Elspeth." Her full name is Elspeth MacDuffie O'Halloran, and readers of *The New Yorker*, *F. P. A.'s Conning Tower*, *Vanity Fair*, and so on, have noted her name frequently in those pages. Her publisher is Houghton Mifflin, and her first book was *Strange Truth*. In this, though the touch was frequently light, more serious work was also included. Now comes her second book, *Young Man, Beware!* Perhaps in section II, "Nostalgia," she writes her best poetry. It is delicate and graceful, and even in the more casual poems in another section there is an undertone of gravity, a shadow under the mockery. This verse is deft and conveys a distinct individualty, but "Elspeth" has still to step beyond facility into poetry all of which will bear her own singular stamp. Her workmanship will improve. Now it is quite adequate for the magazines; but she will go further.

TWO OTHER BOOKS BY WOMEN

Clear enough in their expression are the verses in such books as Dorothy Aldis's *Any Spring* (Minton, Balch) and Grace Stone Coates's *Portulacas in the Wheat* (The Caxton Printers: Caldwell, Idaho). The only trouble is that I am sure I should not be able to distinguish the work of either woman from that of the other, did I not have the names before me,—or, for that matter, from the work of a number of other American woman poets. Mrs. Coates tells us of the flowers of a Kansas childhood. Mrs. Aldis reflects in a number of her poems the gift she has for writing verse for children. In "Eagles and Catbirds" Mrs. Coates gives us several convincing glimpses of the living West. And certain epigrammatic little poems of hers are well turned. Mrs. Coates has more important things to say than Mrs. Aldis. And she can occasionally strike out a fine line such as,

When wind cuts my flesh
and hardens the tears of my pity
I think of the lighted rooms that the brave are.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Shortly after his graduation from Yale, Thomas Chubb began to be known as a poet. His new book, *Ships and Lovers* A. & C. Boni), is his first in a number of years. It seems to me that he has greatly strengthened his technique, though he is still a long way from the truly incisive line. The subjects he chooses are interesting. His title he takes from Cyril Hume's "Wife of the Centaur," "Poems about ships and lovers and magnificent pirates." Modern and ancient Tuscany, the sea, Connecticut, and the wild ducks and sumach of Georgia and New England, these are some of his sources for material. And truly a lyric as pellucid and beautifully ardent as "Night Song" suggested by an early Italian madrigal is a rare enough expression of love in English rhyme, where so much is either priggish or prurient. His picture of Dante in the first poem is not altogether remarkable but is moving. Elsewhere I find faults of jumbled rhythm, flat phrase, and certain reminiscent things. I cannot help being reminded through "Bird Fable" of Stephen Vincent Benét's "Worms' Epic," although the two poems are so full of dissimilarities. And the poem "March" seems a very faulty echo of the early work of the other poet. But "Wild Duck Song" is altogether Mr. Chubb's, and when this writer comes to his ships he writes with especial interest. If you compare his portraits to those Mr. Masefield has drawn they suffer by that comparison; the reason being that Mr. Chubb lacks being as strikingly original as Mr. Masefield. Mr. Chubb has not yet quite "found himself"—but he is on the way.

"The Welsh National Theatre," says *John o'London's Weekly*, "shows signs of coming into being. A play—probably Richard Hughes's "Comedy of Good and Evil"—is to be produced in London, and later a company will tour Wales."

Foreign Literature

The Goncourt Prize

LES LOUPS. Par GUY MAZELINE (Prix Goncourt 1932). Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1932.

Reviewed by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

NOT since Proust's famous "Within the Budding Grove" has the Goncourt Academy crowned such a massive work, so *touffu*, as the French say, teeming with characters and complications of plot. In late years, they have bestowed their favor on short novels, compact little romances, or swiftly done *recits* after the manner of Gide's shorter novels. But apparently this year, solidity is in the air. "Les Loups" runs to 622 pages of small type, while its closest competitor had a bulk of over 600 and several other contestants were also of formidable size. Mazeline's is the best of the field, and he is quite evidently a worthy descendant of the long-winded Balzac.

"Les Loups" is concerned with the decadence of a wealthy, middle-class family in the city of Havre. Maximilian Jobourg, the bookish, impractical father of this large family is losing his grasp on the fortune left him by his father. His sons and daughters are just as improvident, devouring the family heritage of thrift and stability, and Maximilian's situation is complicated by an old mother of almost werewolf love for her son. The drama of his fall begins with the appearance in Havre of Maximilian's illegitimate daughter, Valerie. The family dissolution reaches its climax with his financial ruin at the hands of his mother and his spiritual catharsis when Valerie kills herself. Maximilian, driven half mad, also commits suicide in a scene which is one of the most powerful in the book.

This brief summary hardly gives an idea of the extensive plots and counter-intrigues which pullulate as the work progresses nor of the large gallery of portraits which drops from M. Mazeline's pen. Maximilian, his wife, his mother, all the members of the family are created with precision, with art, and with no small inspiration. They make their entrances with convincing naturalness, and in the great scenes they are invested with such characteristic, such symbolical gestures that they must leave a most profound impression on even the most refractory reader, fatigued by the prodigious length.

It is the enormous size of this canvas which brings out the defects of the author's craft as well as its strength. In his attempt to produce a perfect flux of events and action, kaleidoscopic as life itself, he founders badly at times. Not all the characters are sufficiently motivated or explained, and some important ones, like Valerie, are quite vague in outline. There is not enough dramatic building up for the great scenes. The French critics have taken strong exception to the author's description of bourgeois, provincial manners of the year 1894.

Nevertheless, M. Mazeline, up till now the author of a few negligible works, has written an important novel. He has much of the hallucinatory power of Julien Green, and his work, while fixed in no especial literary school, will be considered more akin to the Franco-American writer than to any other. Although "Les Loups" does not reach the high level of the two really great finds of the Goncourt Academy, Proust's "Budding Grove" and Barbusse's "Under Fire," yet it wins to a worthy second rank along with Fauconnier's "Malaisie" and Duhamel's "Civilization." The Academy has somewhat retrieved a reputation which they were fast losing with such trifling choices as last year's "Desire," by Jean Fayard, and "A Man Scans His Past," by M. Constantin-Weyer, of a few years ago.

Writing in the London *Observer* apropos of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Montaigne, F. L. Lucas says:

"It is hard to believe that this worshipper of the Ancients has already become so ancient himself. We picture him, indeed, always as a little round elderly gentleman, peering out at the world with a mischievous, meditative smile from the shelter of a château in Périgord.

"He is like Voltaire and Anatole France in this, as in many other things; it is hard to imagine Montaigne young. He was born, one feels, aged fifty. And yet, though thus doubly an ancient, he remains in many ways the first modern; in many ways, alas, more modern than the troubled world we live in, which only too closely resembles his, with its chaos and cruelty, its wars and its fanaticisms. Indeed, our world *is* so troubled because it has failed to learn what it could have learned from him; and for that very reason it can well afford to reread Montaigne today.

"For, bad as things are, they might have been appreciably worse without him; the least propagandist of men, he has yet had an influence surpassed by few on the slow growth of tolerance and humanity. He is an ancestor of the French eighteenth century, of the finer side of Voltaire, of the saner side of Rousseau."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

"There have been some puppet books," says E. G. R., New York, "since you printed the last list on June 27, 1931. Could you give us the additions?"

THE largest, latest, and finest is the monumental "Dolls and Puppets," by Max von Boehn, translated by Josephine Nicoll (McKay). This goes from playthings that might have entertained Trojan Helen to the present-day marionette stage. The pictures are many and beautifully reproduced, and as if this were not enough, it is a Shaw item, for G. B. S. has provided a foreword.

"The Ragamuffin Marionettes," by Frances Lester Warner (Houghton Mifflin), came out in time to show children how to celebrate last Christmas with homemade puppet theatres and performers, plays and all; it will last round any year as long as ragbags and other salvage possibilities hold out. Not long after came the charming "Puppet Parade," by Carol della Chiesa (Longmans, Green), in which time-honored regional figures dear to the cities of Italy compete for a crown won by the newcomer Pinocchio, and "Little Mr. Clown," by Helen H. Joseph (Harcourt, Brace) which has some account of an actual American stage in the course of a story of one of its performers.

Puppets exploded into literature in England last Summer with Walter Wilkinson's "Puppets in Yorkshire" (Stokes), or rather when its immediate predecessor, "The Peep Show," came out. It was hurriedly brought over to meet the demand created by "Puppets in Yorkshire"; these two have just been followed by "Vagabonds and Puppets" (Stokes), the whole making a warmhearted record of wanderings in search of a living in the free air, by self-respecting artistic means, of an English gentleman with a travelling Punch-and-Judy of a somewhat improved type. I do not wonder that we here so like these human, humorous books; for a rest to worry nothing beats them. I look to see Greenwich Villagers taking to the road next summer with pushcarts full of joy.

It may be the success of the world famous Piccoli—now putting on in New York the same delightful show I watched in London some four years since—that has sent in my direction several questions like this. Not to take too much space today, I have deferred to next week a reply to a collector of the literature of dolls. Somewhere between this and that, however, I must get in a word for one of the most engrossing books on an allied subject—the toy theatre. This is "Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured," by A. E. Wilson (Macmillan), a big volume gayly illustrated and dealing in every detail with the colored and uncolored cut-outs that English children of a more leisurely period used to assemble into theatres, staging plays then popular. You seldom gave the plays, the preparation being the thing. There is even a chapter on a form of art that has always lured me, "tinsel portraits" of famous characters. A collector will find this book invaluable in its line, but the general reader, especially of social history, will get plenty of amusement from it.

V. G. B., Ann Arbor, Mich, asks for books to take along on a summer's stay in Versailles, including a handy guide to historic places in and around Paris. If I were going to Versailles this or any summer, I would take or read beforehand—Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" (Viking). It may not please sentimentalists, but it will be welcomed by those who respect this author's methods in what one might call analytical biography. Katherine Anthony's "Marie Antoinette" (Knopf) is shorter, more like a portrait, and reads rapidly. If you want to go a little further back, in family history and political plans, there is a quite recent "Marie Theresa of Austria," by J. Alexander Mahan (Crowell).

The Blue Guide "Paris and Environs" (Macmillan) has so good a historical background for its section on Versailles that it could almost fill the visitor's requirements in itself. For steamer reading, or for reference along the way, H. D. Sedgwick's "France" (Little, Brown)—a picturesque one-volume survey from earliest times to 1929—makes no undue demands upon a traveller's powers of concentration and presents its story largely in terms of great men. The Peace Conference enters in Clémenceau's last book, "Grandeur and Misery of Victory" (Harcourt, Brace), in "What Really Happened at Paris" (Scribner), reports of eighteen American delegates, and in any number of other books. Walter White's "The Paris That Is Paris" (Scribner) is a great help in planning trips in and around the city in search of ancient landmarks, historic streets and houses, and corners not generally known to visiting Americans; it gives a good deal of historical narrative as well as present-day advice. This inquirer's letter closes: "We carried with us in a special suitcase all the books on your list sent in February, 1931, for Italy, and feel that we got much more from our winter there because of them."

H. H., New York, asks for modern studies of the Age of Pericles, adapted to the general reader. The latest is through the life of Socrates, which has just been added to the admirable series of Appleton Biographies—a series lately enriched by a life of Elizabeth of England that I believe sums up her career, with due attention not only to personality but to statecraft, as no other biography so brief has done with such grace. Now Alfred Edward Taylor, the famous Platonist, has added "Socrates" (Appleton), in which the philosopher appears in his own historical and social setting. He appears also in "The Mask of Silenus" (Simon & Schuster), a new novel by the poet Babette Deutsch, based on the life of Socrates and presenting it in vivid detail through the banquet of Crito and the great defence to the draught of hemlock. And then there is the grand new book, "What Plato Said," by Professor Shorey, just coming from the University of Chicago Press, showing us once more that Plato said just about it all, before any of us moderns had come on the scene. Of later works on the Greek dramatists, or on Greek literature in general, none seems to come nearer, or more rapidly, to communicating their distinctive quality to the English-speaking reader than Edith Hamilton's "The Greek Way" (Norton). Anyone interested in classic civilization should look over the long list of volumes in the series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" (Longmans, Green).

T. S. asks for a topical index edition of the Talmud, by which passages may be traced on a given subject. The nearest I can come to it is the recently published "Everyman's Talmud" (Dutton), edited by Dr. Abraham Cohen of Birmingham University, the first comprehensive, connected survey, so the publishers say, of the Talmud's teachings on religion, ethics, law, and folk-lore. *M. W. asks where I found that statement by Thomas Mann about the fact basis of "The Magic Mountain."* It is in "A Sketch of My Life," by Thomas Mann; I read it in the limited edition of "Harrison of Paris," but I have since found that it is published here by Minton, Balch in a trade edition. The translator is H. S. Loew-Porter, who translated "The Magic Mountain." It is interesting to note that Claude Avelin's "Madame Maillart" (Dutton), just published here in English, also takes place in a sanitorium for consumptives. *Our subscriber in Ganta, Liberia, says:* "I wish you had given the name of the young Liberian poet who won the James Weldon Johnson poetry prize: someone born in this country should write its poetry. The natives here have a sense of rhythm and poetry which is expressed in nearly everything that they do; clearing form, planting, harvesting, carrying loads, all are done to chanted tunes. Their music has tones not in our scale." Miss Roberta Bosley, who conducted the nation-wide competition for the James Weldon Johnson poetry prizes last year, tells me that the name of the boy who won the first prize with a group of Liberian verses is Harry Morris. Miss Bosley may be addressed through the New York Public Library's 135th Street branch; this is the one with the museum of negro art and the remarkable collection of negro literature.

Points of View

Keyserling's Meditations

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir, Count Hermann Keyserling's "South American Meditations," an English edition of which was published both in New York and in London, has been judged as a work of the greatest importance in the whole civilized world. The South American Continent is nothing but a picturesque setting; the significance of the book lies entirely in the human problems it deals with, which are of vital moment to each and all.

Thus, the religious communities of Europe, be they Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Lutheran, High Church, Methodist, or Jewish, have hailed the "Meditations" as one of the strongest stimuli which religious life has received for a long time. The London *Times* writes: "It is a new religious mysticism springing strangely like a brilliant flower out of the manure of Freud and Jung."

The scientific importance could not have been emphasized better than by the fact that the president of the University of Paris chose the "Meditations" as the subject for his inauguration speech at the "Fête de la Science," which coincides with the "rentrée de la Sorbonne." It is the first time in history that the work of a German author has been thus honored in France.

Most European psychologists, beginning with Jung and Freud, agree that the "Meditations" have opened new horizons to psychology. And the sociologists and moralists maintain that a new understanding of the worlds of politics, war, economy, and social life has been gained.

The high importance of the book from the point of view of philosophy has been questioned by none in Europe. It has been particularly emphasized by such authorities as Bergson, Brunschwig, Driesch, Mueller-Freienfels, Eduard Spranger, Heinrich Zimmer.

Finally, there seems to be but one voice among the famous writers and poets of the world that the "Meditations" are a literary masterpiece. Such judgments have been rendered by Rabindranath Tagore, Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, Jakob Wassermann, Jean Cassou, Guy de Pourtalès, and many others.

And now we are coming to the subject of this letter: Against this unanimous praise and appreciation of the "Meditations" throughout the world stands out the negative criticism of one country—and one country only: the United States of America. There are, of course, exceptions. But on the whole one can generalize and affirm, that in America the book is either dismissed as unimportant, or it is violently attacked, or it is treated with contemptuous silence. The editors of many important magazines and newspapers appear to have gone so far as to refuse to review it—whereas the foremost critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, London, says: "It is a distinction to write or read, to translate or publish such a book."

Now this attitude seems to us of such extraordinary psychological interest and so difficult to account for, that the School of Wisdom has decided to make it the subject of one of its next discussions.

The famous Swiss psychologist Dr. Jung, who goes so far as to compare the "Meditations" with Goethe's "Faust," second part, in a long letter which some day we may publish comes to the following conclusion: Americans do not want to read, or if they do so, to understand the "Meditations," because there is no connection, or rather an organic contradiction, between their conscious and their unconscious. Therefore, they violently repress and resent and react against anything that would give power and voice to the unconscious. And indeed the 'Meditations" deal with deeper layers of the unconscious than did any previous book.

Others, Americans most of them, generally suggest one of the following two explanations:

1. America does not want to admit the existence of Evil; and the "Meditations" deal most courageously and sincerely with this part of life.—We cannot quite believe this explanation to be true. For the economic crisis has made many millions of Americans suffer terribly. Besides, there is just now more cruelty, bloodsheding, and inhumanity in the world at large than ever before.

2. There is a national resentment against the author of "America Set Free."—This explanation, too, we find hard to believe. For, according to European standards, no more well-wishing book has ever been written about the United States. In every chapter it shows the way toward a better future.

The last explanation that has been offered to us came from the famous Havelock Ellis, who is in cordial sympathy with the general trend of thoughts of the "Meditations" which he finds full of fine and deep sayings. He wrote to Count Keyserling: "As to the enmity you arouse, you must remember that you are one of the world's prophets. The world has always stoned its prophets!"

Trustees of the School of Wisdom.
By the Secretary.
Darmstadt, Germany.

[*The review of this book has been delayed through accident, not design. It will be found in this issue.—The Editor.*]

Student Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: I am preparing an anthology of student writing. Manuscripts to be considered for publication are invited from students in any American college or university. Essays of various types, brief narratives, descriptive sketches, short stories, and one-act plays may be submitted. All material should reach me before April 30th.

Washington Square College,
New York City.

WARREN BOWER.

Elisabeth Marbury

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: I am engaged in writing a "Life of Elisabeth Marbury," and would be pleased to hear from anyone who was fortunate enough to have this lady for a friend.

I would welcome all and any material but am particularly interested in anecdotes.

Homestead Avenue,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ORRIN WAYNE.

Catholic Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: I am compiling a catalogue of all living American Catholic poets, and shall be grateful to any who will aid me by submitting names, addresses, and publications, whether in magazine or book form, to make this list comprehensive."

45 East 82nd St.,
New York City.

MARY A. BENJAMIN.

Poetic Words

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: In the *Saturday Review of Literature* for January 21, 1933, was a note to the effect that a well-known lexicographer and poet had selected the ten most poetic words in the English language. Without any desire to lengthen the life-span of his absurdity, the following commentary is appended:

A lexicographer and poet
(Don't ask his name, of course you know it)
Has chosen words of sensuous lure—
Just ten there are, of that he's sure,
With which, as his stock in trade, the ambitious young writer might set himself up in the poem-producing business.

The melody of tranquil chimes
Has splendid words, don't ask for rhymes;
As for The Mist of golden dawn,
He says, "The music lingers on."
And with a few hints of this nature the merest novice could turn out at least fifty passable lines in a four-hour day.

The mother's "Hush" *is a* lullaby
That still's the murmuring *baby's cry,*
In the luminous *glow of departing day,*
While the sand-man steals its cares away.
The utility of these last words in an ultra-modern age might be seriously questioned, if the authority were not unimpeachable (i.e., anonymous).

The poet of the passing age
May wash emotion from his page,
The mood, the thought, are obsolete—
Against these words they can't compete.
And from now on poetry may be expected to go into the quantity production stage, where it would have been long ages ago, were is not for a few testy editors.

ROBERT T. OLIVER.
University of Oregon.

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Of Limited Edition

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MACY have sent out to their friends an interesting reprint of Richard LeGallienne's essay on "The Philosophy of Limited Editions." It is set in a new and attractive font of type designed by Mr. Goudy, and printed on soft Japan paper, and bound in leather. As an *apologia* for the limited edition it is pertinent and well conceived, and suitably printed. R.

Wine

FROM the London wine house of Berry Bros. & Co., comes a slender volume called "A Miscellany of Wine." It is a cheerful and intimate *causerie* on wine, written by Walter Berry, of whom André Simon says in his introduction, "I know of no man whose sense of appreciation is more critical." All lovers of wine will add this book to their shelves with satisfaction at another book on the delectable art of wine making and drinking. R.

Troilus and Cressida

RANDOM HOUSE has issued an American edition of the Troilus and Cressida with decorations by Eric Gill which appeared originally in England from the Golden Cockerel Press. Each page has a marginal decoration by Mr. Gill, and there is a very fine title-page designed by him. The "translation" is by George Philip Krapp. The price is $3.50, and well worth it as a sound piece of book making. R.

Varia

CARROLL'S THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK. Illustrated by EDWARD A. WILSON. New Rochelle: Peter Pauper Press. 1933. $5.

THIS rendering of the "Snark" has been printed in one of Mr. Goudy's best romans—Kaatskill—and his Deepdene italic, both in large size, on gray tinted paper, and bound in what the publishers tells us is snarky paper. There are illustrations by Mr. Wilson for each chapter, in line, reinforced by some kind of modernistic attempts at color which it is difficult for an old-fashioned reviewer to understand. Perhaps they don't mean anything anyway, since the drawings are (under their colors) in Mr. Wilson's usual excellent style. The book is, as may be supposed, very well printed.

Equinox Pamphlets

THE Equinox Press, that group of enthusiasts who have associated themselves to print for the fun of it, have issued four small pamphlets—"This Earth," by William Faulkner, "Prelude," by Conrad Aiken, both original poems, an original English rendering by Henry Hart of a Christmas poem by Thomas Mann, and, to remind us that all are humans, C. C. Moore's "Night Before Christmas!" And there are original illustrations for each pamphlet. And the price is 25 cents each.

Philobiblon

FOUR numbers of this excellent German periodical for book collectors lie before me—the last two numbers for 1932 and the first two for 1933. As always, the composition and presswork are admirable, and the contents are selected with care.

The more important articles include the conclusion of the bibliography of the library of Tycho Brahe, an appreciation of Cobden-Sanderson (including an irresistible reproduction of a photograph of him and Sir Emery Walker!), articles on music book collections, on the Pynson Printers, and on de Bry, together with innumerable notes of new books and auction sale records. One of the more interesting features of the various numbers is the inclusion of inserts printed in Europe and America, from various presses, which show the kind of printing which they do. Altogether no one interested in books can afford to miss *Philobiblon*. R.

Limited Editions Club

THE FOUR GOSPELS. With decorations by E. R. WEISS. Printed by Poeschel & Trepte, Leipzig. 1932.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Translated by WILLIAM ROBSON. Illustrated by PIERRE FALKÉ. Printed by the Halcyon Press, Maastricht. 1932.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN. By MARK TWAIN. With the original illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE. Designed by CARL P. ROLLINS and printed at the Printing-Office of the Yale University Press. 1933.

THE three volumes listed above, constituting the issues of the Limited Editions Club for November, December, and January, carry on the purpose of the Club to provide a variety of literary and typographic entertainment for its members. Each of these volumes has its own marked individuality.

It is not quite clear to me why the Four Gospels should have been chosen as a Club publication, nor is the resulting book especially attractive. Mr. Emil Weiss, a leader in German printing, has designed the book on a plan which has always seemed to me not quite defensible; a squarish page with two columns of type cut off with horizontal rules at top and bottom tends to confuse the eye and to change the apparent shape of the page. Also, the two-column, conventional Bible arrangement is not necessary in this case, and savors too much of the uninteresting orthodox Bible printing.

Mr. Weiss's type is excellent, and I do not object to the mannerisms, as in the A and the s. He has used a large, readable size, and the printing is satisfactory. His ornamental initials and drawn title page and half-titles are bold and interesting. The binding is in parchment back, with gold stamping, and paper sides.

"The Three Musketeers" is a first-class piece of work save for the title-page, which is weak. The story has been set in Bembo type of good size, well leaded and in broad measure, and printed in two volumes on a tough, thin, toned paper which is one of the charms of the book. It will strike some that the paper is so thin as to be too transparent, but I balance that against the delightful flexibility and character of the paper and find myself willing to sacrifice the slight impediment of transparency for the sake of the general effect.

The printing has been done in Maastricht, and Mr. Macy has sent out with his monthly letter a broadside showing views of the city and of the printing-office which are of decided topical interest. One in particular shows a view of the Towers of Maastricht "before which d'Artagnan died, aged fifty, on May 25, 1673."

The most noteworthy feature of these two volumes is, however, the pictures by Pierre Falké. They are done in a fine, sympathetic, swashbuckling spirit, and add much to the pleasure of reading the books. The printing is in black, while the colors (from four to eighteen) are laid on *au pochoir*, that is through stencils in a manner much the vogue in France. They are thoroughly commendable as illustrations and distinguish this edition.

The binding is in yellow cloth with ornamental blue stamping.

Of the present edition of "Huck Finn" it is not possible to write at length, since the present writer had the opportunity of putting Mark Twain's story into its typographic dress. It is a solid octavo, on rag-content paper, set in Bell type, and, as was of course implicit in such an undertaking, with Kemble's original illustrations, reproduced from the first edition. The binding is in an unusual green cloth (Mark Twain's favorite color) with gold stamping. R.

Pictures Without Words

WILD PILGRIMAGE. By LYND WARD. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $3.

THIS is the third book entirely in pictures which has come from the graver of Lynd Ward, his previous ones having been "God's Man" and "Madman's Drum." In each case Mr. Ward has made the pictures on wood, each of the scores of woodcuts in the volume telling an episode in the story: the story in the present case being of a man who, born into industrialism, tries to escape, only to find himself confronted with the great dilemma of our times—the individual versus the mass. It is an unhappy situation for a poetic mind, and Mr. Ward's wild pilgrim can scarcely be called happy. There is, indeed, a grimness about his pictures as about his stories which makes them strong and somber "reading," although they are as intriguing as picture puzzles.

In commenting on the first of Mr. Ward's books we spoke of a certain dominant "Teutonic" feeling in the drawing: he has steadily won away from that particular style, and advantageously it seems. With intense feeling, and a very considerable mastery of wood engraving, it seems reasonable to expect much from so talented an artist. R.

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Ice-water without ice on trains!—
And as you share this taste, we'll drink
Of Nectar someday—as I think.

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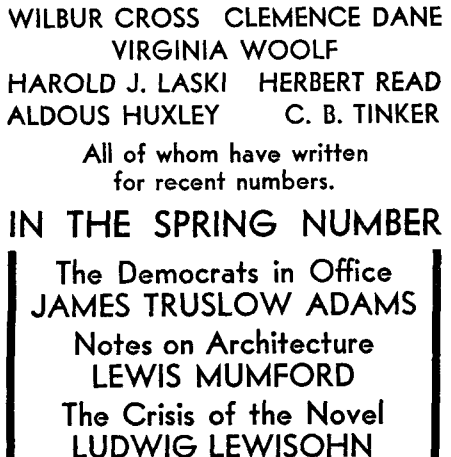
LEWIS MUMFORD
The Crisis of the Novel
LUDWIG LEWISOHN
Debt and the Devil
ALVIN JOHNSON
Youth and the Pelican (Story)
MARQUIS W. CHILDS
Poetry by
ALLEN TATE
LINCOLN FITZELL
R. P. T. COFFIN
65 Books in 24 Reviews
by Archibald MacLeish, John Cournos, Geoffrey West, Ashley Dakes, George Peirce Baker, etc.
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
Felix Frankfurter, Mary Austin, H. S. Jennings, J. M. Clark, Wallace Notestein, A. Grenfell Price.



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The PHŒNIX NEST

"THERE'S something," says *F. M. Clouter* of Little, Brown & Company, "about verse by children that others can achieve only if they are first-flight minor poets. Consider this quatrain, written at the age of four years and two months by *Nora Waln,* whose "The House of Exile" we shall publish in April:

A robin sat upon a limb
His hand upon his chin
His body was not thin
He had a pain in him.

The Lower Level restaurant of the Grand Central Station seems to be a rendezvous for literati both at luncheon and at dinner time. *Sheila Hibben* and *Albert Warner* were eating Bouillabaisse there recently; *H. L. Mencken,* when in town, often drops in with *Alfred Knopf; Irvin S. Cobb* called awhile ago for a Cassoulet Casteldaudary before leaving for Chicago on a month's lecture tour. Even we ourself have toyed with cutlery and cutlets in the same caravansary! . . .

The Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1933 closed on February first with more manuscripts than were received in any of the previous contests. It is believed that more than six hundred have been entered. One individual submitted eight! To the author of the best novel, as determined by the judges, Harper & Brothers will pay the sum of $7,500. The judges are *Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Canfield,* and *Harry Hansen.* . . .

In late March Scribner will publish *Conrad Aiken's* new novel, "Great Circle." His "Blue Voyage" will be remembered by everyone interested in the stream-of-consciousness school of writing. "Great Circle" is frankly for the sophisticated, but to judge by Aiken's former work it should possess enough "drive," over and above the distinction of the writing, to enlist a larger public. . . .

We are glad to print the following sonnet by a native of Oklahoma, *S. C. Giesey:*

THE CATHEDRAL AT CHIHUAHUA

Most reverently, mantilla-draped and slow,
A withered woman creeps within the door,
Crosses herself, and on the dusty floor
Kneels by an altar where tall candles glow . . .
Outside, the city's voices ebb and flow,
And careless life, with roistering and roar,
Sings in a dozen tunes, rude as before,
The old, mad melody of Mexico.
Ah, we who pray to dollars—we who vow
By our own power to our thin souls' cost—
When shall we know the children of this tongue?
Are we to pass our jaded judgment now,
Who have not won what here was never lost?
In this land Saint and Satan still are young! . . .

Arthur W. Bell of Boston contributes:

RHYMED REVIEW

His charming fantasy I read,
And Robert Nathan's praise I sing;
But I should think that antique bed
Had need, at least, of "one more spring."

"Do you remember," writes *Gretna Green,* "'My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown,' and would you be good enough to give me space for the following parody of it?"

SONG OF MRS. PRESIDENT

I bought me a gown, Crystelle velvet new,
For Franklin's Inaugural—"Eleanor blue,"
And a wrap of "Anna blue" with it to wear,
Accessories too that were chosen with care,
For March four, March four, March four—
Ah the day I'll hold dear evermore!

In my "Eleanor blue" tinted gown,
When I rode into Washington town,
I was proud, also shy,
As I'd greet marchers-by,
And Franklin's constituents meet eye to eye.
Oh, my "Eleanor blue" tinted gown,
On which Union workers won't frown—
I'll bear it and wear it,
And try not to tear it—
My "Eleanor blue" tinted gown!

The American writer *Shaemas O'Sheel,* long interested in Irish studies and Irish affairs, is the founder of a new society known as The Companions Of Brendan, in honor of St. Brendan the Irishman who either discovered, or should have discovered America about a thousand years before Columbus. The purposes are: the study of Irish and Irish-American history; the promotion of Irish culture; and devotion to the cause of Irish nationality. Membership is open to men and women of Irish birth or descent, or related by marriage to those of Irish blood. Other writers already enrolled among the Companions include *A. M. Sullivan, George Bingham, J. Dominick Hackett, Patrick Quinlan, Helen H. Foster,* and *Robert A. Wilson.* In its first three months the society has listened to papers or addresses on the legends of St. Brendan, Irish traditional music, the part of Irish labor in England in preventing English support of the South during the Civil War, Irish place-names in America, Irish-American poets and other topics. Work is going forward toward a bibliography of Irish literature and an index of Irish names in the "Dictionary of American Biography."

Calling its branches "Coracles" in memory of the small boats in which Brendan and other Irishmen of old sailed the seas, the Companions of Brendan are now established in New York and Philadelphia. Persons interested either in attending meetings in New York, or establishing Coracles elsewhere, should address Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel, 157 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

Again a communication from *Earle F. Walbridge:*

Have you read "Gold Falcon, or The Haggard of Love," by *Robert Graves,* London: Faber & Faber (anonymous my eye, even though there is no name on the title-page)? It strikes me as an amazingly fine novel which gets Manhattan between covers almost as successfully as *Christopher Morley* did in "Human Being."

All I regret is that I didn't get it two weeks earlier. It is something like a roman à clef to end all romans à clef. So far I have identified *Aldous Huxley* (Adolf Stucley); *Arnold Bennett* (Enoch Potter); *Hugh Walpole* (Horace Whipple); *Middleton Murry* (Wallington Christie)—and not with impunity to be mentioned in print, I suppose; *Rudy Vallee* (Jack Starlight); *T. E. Lawrence* (G. B. Everest); *D. H. Lawrence* (David Torrence); *Gimbel's* (Jimble's); *T. S. Eliot* (P. S. Etiol); *Horace Liveright* (Jacob Livverong); *A. A. Milne* (B. B. Flynn); *Henry Seidel Canby* (Harold Vigor Tinby); *Isabel Paterson* (Isabel Masterson); *Ford Madox Ford* (Marck Cradocks Speuffer); *Stephen Graham* (Paul Murray); *Alec Waugh* (Alick Peace); and *Hearst* (Furst). But, damn it, I can't place the all-important Commander Thomas Volstead-Wrink for whom he has his knife out especially. "You will remember Captain Hereward, a simple sailorman —that was Wrink—in charge of a millionaire's yacht, and I was Denis Polkinghorne who wanted to seduce the young wife of Captain Hereward's employer. The Fortnightly Book Club made it a first choice. It was boloney." I hope you will say something soon about *Doris Langley Moore's* "E. Nesbit," which is my idea of a practically perfect biography. It isn't published here yet, of course. . . .

In expressing thanks for letters of sympathy, Mrs. *John Galsworthy* and Mr. and Mrs. *R. H. Sauter* (nephew and niece) send to friends of the novelist in a very dignified leaflet the following poem by *John Galsworthy* which we think it fitting to quote here:

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter
Dreamed not of dying—death is such waste of me!—
Grant me one prayer: Doom not the hereafter
Of mankind to war. . . .
. . . Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills for ever!

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